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In Memory of
DILLWYN
PARRISH
STARR
Class of 1908
Lieutenant Coldstream Guards
Killed in Action
Battle of the SOMME
15 September 1916
1914 1916
NEUVE CHAPELLE
ARMENTIERES
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THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

'He jests at Scars, who never felt a Wound'

—SHAKESPEARE

Starting to join his Regiment.

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGN
ON THE PENINSULA AND IN PALL MALL
AND NOTES

BY AN OFFICER

WITH FIFTEEN COLOURED SKETCHES
BY T. ROWLANDSON

A NEW EDITION

METHUEN AND CO.
LONDON
1904

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NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the original Edition printed for Patrick Martin in the year 1816.

DEDICATION

TO THE SUBALTERNS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Gentlemen,

I shall, I trust, be acquitted of any servile view, when, in dedicating this humble Essay to the Subalterns of the British Army, I adopt the only means in my power of shewing how much I honour and admire them.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

With the greatest respect,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE MILITARY ADVENTURES

OF

JOHNNY NEWCOME

On Ludgate Hill, a traveller may see
John *Newcome*, Grocer, No. Fifty-three;
Now, sober reader, don't turn up your nose,
But profit by the truths I shall disclose.
The *Newcome* family, you may believe,
Straitways descended from good Madam
Eve;
Adam, a *Newcome*, when in Paradise,
The wily serpent did Dame Eve entice
To touch forbidden fruit; and to his shame,
Poor Adam *Newcome* slily did the same:

For this, from Paradise they soon were hurl'd,
And thus Cain *Newcome* came into the World.
'Twould be an endless job were I to trace
All the descendants of the *Newcome* race:
Let it suffice that I curtail my rhymes,
To scenes connected with the present Times.
Widely extended is the *Newcome* Name,
Some scoff'd for Folly, some renown'd for Fame;
Did we in Foreign Courts but look askance,
We find they 've play'd the very Devil in France.
Each in his turn assum'd the Sovereign Sway,
'Till Boney *Newcome* drove them all away;
Mighty in deeds, his Mighty power evinces,

And makes his tribes of *Newcomes* Kings
and Princes.
Louis to Holland went with State Regalia,
And silly Jerome king'd it at Westphalia:
Poor foolish Joe went slily into Spain,
But Paddy *Newcome* whipt him out again.
Ah! Honey, that's a *Newcome*, if you
please,
Makes Boney tremble in his Thuilleries.
His fame—but, let me onward with my
story,
My humble rhymes would only mock his
Glory.
In London *Newcomes* everywhere are seen,
Newcome's a Lord, a General, Knight or
Dean—
Newcomes, where'er you go, you 're sure to
meet,
The Park, the Playhouse, or St. James's
Street.

Amongst our Quality, you 'll find a few,
And Carlton House has got its *Newcome* too.
At both the Universities you find 'em,
But in such numbers that they never mind 'em.
In all Professions, Lawyers, Fiddlers, Bards,
Lots in the Line, and many in the Guards.
This leads me to the subject of my story,
Tho' first I thought it right to lay before ye,
By way of preface, or of introduction,
Or, if you please, a smattering of instruction;
Go as you will, no matter when, or where,
You 're sure to see a Johnny *Newcome* there.
Now this same Grocer was a man of weight,
Eat turtle soup, and talked of Church and State,—

For twenty years had bustled well through life,
Blest with one son by Doll his loving Wife:
The Youth, a lankey, awkward, shuffling Blade,
Bred by the old ones to pursue the Trade,
School'd by Mamma, who thought all learning stuff,
'Young John will have the Cash, and that's enough.'
By Martial ardour fired, John scorn'd to stop
And retail sugar in his father's Shop!
In spite of Daddy's wrath, and Mother's tears,
Strutted an Ensign in the Volunteers;
But the good souls were quickly reconcil'd
In admiration of their darling Child.
Old Johnny seem'd afraid he'd be too rash,

But Mother doated on the Sword, and Sash.
Soon Johnny grew ambitious of renown,
And sigh'd to flourish in some Country Town;
In some Militia Corps, at distant Quarters,
Act the Lothario with the Wives and Daughters.
Money, or Interest, never-failing friends,
Soon did the job, and Johnny gain'd his ends.
Translated then to a Militia Beau,
Dear, lively Captain *Newcome*'s all the go!
Sports a gay Curricle and pair of Tits,
Damns smokey London, and the frowsy Cits;
With ardour talks of Marches, Camps, and Fight;
Such scenes as these would be his soul's delight.

At length, one day, his spirits flush'd with Wine,
Johnny resolved to go into the Line;
Writes to Mamma a coaxer to Petition
She'd make his Father buy him a Commission.
The doating Mother dwells with anxious pause,
Ere she could send her darling to the Wars.
But as she'd ne'er refused him what he wanted,
She paid the Cash, and his request was granted:
Soon now the Official letter made it known
That Ensign *Newcome*, Fourth or the King's Own,
Would on receipt immediately go,
And quick present himself at the Depôt.
What thrilling tumults in his bosom came
To see amongst the Regulars his name!

So dash'd away in wondrous haste and pother,
To take a flying leave of Dad and Mother.
A soldier bold, now Johnny vaunts and vapours,
Anticipates his name in London papers.
'From admiration we cannot refrain,
'The gallant Ensign *Newcome*'s going to Spain;
'To shew our gratitude we don't dissemble,
'Heroes like him must make Massena tremble.'
Or, should a Battle ease him of his breath,
His Name's recorded in the list of Death;
The *Mortuum Caput* then they thus would fill,
'Died Ensign *Newcome*, late of Ludgate Hill—
'Of twenty wounds receiv'd in an attack,

'All in his front, he scorn'd to turn his back.

'This sad event will be a grievous blow, Sir,

'To Johnny *Newcome*, Alderman and Grocer.'[1]

Young John was well aware to what extent

To purchase fame a golden guinea went;

At all the Shops where characters were sold,

He could be made a Hero for his gold;

A valiant Hero then at any rate,

Our John resolv'd to be or soon, or late.

An Order now arriv'd at the Depôt,

'That Ensign *Newcome* should to Hilsea go.'

[1] This species of partial puffing is carried too far. It reminds me of something of a similar tendency, that panegerized a young Count who was killed by a BROAD-WHEELED WAGGON.

Altho' John relish'd not these hasty ways,
He bolted off to Hilsea in a chaise;
And then a Note was handed to our Spark,
'That without loss of time he should embark.'
'Upon my soul,' says John, 'this is no jest,
'They won't allow a man a little rest.'
Boxes and trunks were cramm'd into a Boat,
And Johnny *Newcome* found himself afloat.
John star'd with wonder when he got on Board,
To see himself surrounded by the Flood.
The rapid movements so confused his head,
He knew not what he did, nor what he said;
Had not his appetite, which never fail'd him,
With certain griping, knawing hints assail'd him:
For John to certain forms was true, and steady,

So eager ask'd when dinner would be ready?
'Dinner[1] I 'll warrant,' says a churlish Elf,
'If you want dinner, pray provide yourself;
'You 'll get no dinner here, 'tis not the fashion,
'We only find you Cabin, Berth, and Ration!'
'Damme,' says John, 'is this your Transport way?
'What starve a body?—rot me if I stay!'
John's resolution now began to shake;
Did he for this his happy home forsake?

[1] The intention of government was no doubt to consult as much as possible the convenience of the Officers; but, the arrangement *was*, and *is*, shameful, respecting their treatment when embarked and on board Transports. In the first instance, hurried to get on Board, they immediately find they have nothing to expect but a hard berth, the use of the Cabin, and Rations; no utensils to cook with, or to use; no person to cook for them; in short, all must depend on their individual exertion. Conceive a young Lad, without a servant, and with a scanty purse, thus situated, expecting a voyage of a month or six weeks' continuance!

A brother Sub seeing Johnny so distrest,
Said, 'Come, Sir, let us council for the best;
'Money you have no doubt, and as 'tis fine
'Let us together go on shore to dine—
'Buy what we want, and send it to the Ship,
'Nor ask a favour of this Savage Rip.'
John liked the offer—shook him by the hand—
Jump'd in the Boat, and off they made for Land;
Din'd, drank their Bottle, and in merry glee
Purchas'd their Stock, and went next day to Sea.
But now friend John, when tossing on the Ocean,
Felt his poor bowels in a strange commotion;

Grew serious, then grew sick, and hung
his head,
Reach'd, grunted, groan'd, and stagger'd
to his bed;
A prey to sorrow, sickness, and dejection,
Restless he lay, imbitter'd with reflection—
Curs'd his own folly—had he but his will,
He 'd sooner retail figs on Ludgate Hill.
Poor John thus lay, till by propitious blast,
The ready Anchor 's in the Tagus cast.
Now motionless the Ship, the sickness flew,
His wondering eyes successive objects
drew.
Saw the proud Tagus in smooth torrent
Flow,
Greeting fair Lisbon, with its breast of
Snow;
Saw Churches, Convents, o'er each other
rise,
With stern devotion tow'ring to the Skies.

Our youthful Hero now we introduce,
Deck'd off in Uniform, and fiercely spruce,
With Hat of Wellington, stuck fore, and aft,
And crimson sash tied carelessly abaft.
Black Stock, Reg'mental Sword, and natty Spurs—
Without the latter there's no Hero stirs.
Spurs[1] to a gallant youth are things of course,
To make folks fancy he has got a Horse;
But as in this, opinions may divide,

[1] With respect to the Officers at Lisbon, who were there either on duty, or leave, or otherwise, the variety of their dress became at length so ridiculous that Major-General Peacock was obliged to issue a severe Order, restricting them to the use of the Regimental Great Coat, and Hat, or Cap.

Lord Wellington, in consequence of the heat of the weather, indulged the Officers in wearing loose Great Coats; but this was soon followed up with waistcoats of all sorts, and colours, with filagree gold, or silver buttons, and what were called Forage Caps, of all fancies and shapes. They only wanted the appendage of Bells.

Yet all must think the gallant Youth
can ride;
Thus gay equipt, his bosom proudly
swelling,
Seeks the Town-Major's Office, or his
Dwelling.
Now see him strutting through the sultry
Streets,
Staring with all his eyes, at all he meets;
Bald-headed Friars, Ladies, hid in Veils,
Postboys with huge cock'd Hats, and
monstrous Tails.
John thought they seem'd a motley group
of quizzes,
With lankey jaws, black brows, and dingy
phizzes.
Now reach'd the Office, in he boldly
bounc'd,
And with erected front himself announc'd;
When a Staff-Officer, with a stately look,

A sort of frowning survey of him took:
'Pray who are you?' was pompously demanded:
'I'm Ensign *Newcome*, and from England landed.'[1]
'To Belem go, where orders you'll receive;
'Write down your Name, Sir, and then Lisbon leave.'
John bolted out, saying 'Damme what a Beast,
'I reckon he's a General at least:
'O rot this Soldier's life, the Devil's in it,
'They will not let a body rest a minute;
'I'm fairly sick of it, and so I'll tell 'em.
'I say, my friend, is this the way to Belem?'

[1] All Officers under the rank of Field-Officer, on landing at Lisbon, were ordered to report themselves at the Town-Major's Office, and were from thence sent to the Belem Depôt, to be disposed of by the Commandant there.

'*Senhor*,' with shoulders shrugged, '*no, no, intende.*'[1]

'No, in ten day! if I go there,' says John,
'the Devil mend me.'

A British Soldier, who was near at hand
Said, 'Sir, our Lingo he don't understand:
''Tis but three Miles, strait forward if you please,
'There's no use axing them there Portuguese.'

John travell'd on—but soon he slack'd his pace,
The scorching Sun came full upon his face.
'O d——n their Climate, here's a pretty rig,—
'Curse me if I'm not sweating like a Pig.
'Could I but once get home, they soon should see,

[1] 'No intende,' in Portuguese, signifies 'don't understand.'

'The Devil might have all Portugal for me.'

Grumbling and Mopping, John at length contrives,

And at the Belem Barracks[1] he arrives.

But Johnny's spirit now was softened down,

He tremulously ask'd for Captain Brown;

[1] The Barracks at Belem were assigned as a general receptacle for Detachments coming from England, and all recovered Men. Captain Brown, of the 23rd Regiment (than whom no Officer could have managed the duties of Commandant more properly, reputably, and honourably), made the arrangements for the march of Parties to join the Army, apportioned the number of Officers; and gave them orders, and directions for their conduct. Sometimes he permitted Officers to proceed alone to join their Regiments, but generally they were attached to Parties.

One general Rout to the Army was established, and the distances so divided, and Depôts formed, that the parties could be provisioned every three or four Days; a Commandant, and Adjutant, with requisite non-commissioned officers, being established at each Depôt, together with a Commissariat and an Hospital; and though last, not, unfortunately, the least necessary, a Provost-Marshal.

Announc'd himself once more, and begg'd
to know
What were his Orders? where was he to
go?
The Commandant observing John was
heated,
Mildly requested that 'he would be seated.'
John's spirits had been sinking in the
wane,
But thus encouraged soon revived again.
' Why really, Sir, this service in the Line,
' At home we reckon to be monstrous fine;
' But since I was Gazetted, I 'll declare
' A single moment I 've not had to spare.'
The Captain smil'd to see poor John so
sore,
And kindly said, ' You 'll dine with me
at four:
' In the mean time, as things to you are
new,

'The Adjutant will tell you what to do.
'Here, Orderly! step to the barrack-yard,
'And say I wish to speak with Mr. Ward.
'But cool yourself, and then your Billet seek;
'I mean to keep you here at least a Week.'
John's heart was soft — thus taken by surprize,
He felt a sort of twinkling in his eyes;
He falter'd, stammer'd, felt himself distrest,
In vain his gratitude would have exprest;
When busy, bustling Ward attends his chief,
Broke up the conference, to John's relief.
Ward introduced, did Johnny kindly greet
(His was a heart we do not often meet);
Now arm in arm, they travell'd down the Stairs,
John found his spirits, and forgot his cares.

Tho' truly kind was Ward, yet be it known
He was himself a Sub in the King's Own.
A Billet[1] got, the Serjeant mark'd the
Door,

[1] At the commencement of the Campaign on the Peninsula, the Portuguese certainly treated the British Officers in the most generous manner,—voluntarily and hospitably received them into their Houses, and externally carried their liberality to great excess; giving up their most elegant Apartments, supplying them with a proportion of Plate, Linen, Fuel, and Wax Candles; but it is with regret that I am obliged to state that this indulgence and hospitality was, in many instances, scandalously abused, and the most ungentlemanlike, ungrateful, indecent, and ungenerous returns were often made. What was the consequence? So many complaints were made against the Officers for abusing their Billets, that a General Order was issued, stating the number of rooms each rank was entitled to, and restricting the *quantum* of Furniture to one Table, One Chair, and one Lamp, and an allowance of Oil for each Apartment, with the use of a Kitchen. The consequence follows, that whatever inconvenience, mortification, rudeness, or inhospitable treatment Officers have since experienced, results from the misconduct (I hope only comparatively) of a few. Circumstances in the outset may have imposed a sentiment on the Natives, perhaps rather foreign to their disposition; but the change of circumstances, and the conduct of our Officers, seem to have left a disposition in the Portuguese to treat us roughly, and to get rid of us altogether.

They took a Boat, and brought the Trunks on Shore.

'So now,' says Ward, 'I always work by rule,

'The first thing you must purchase is a Mule;

'And if you 're flush of cash, why then, of course,

'The next thing you must purchase is a Horse.'

'A Servant have you got?' John answered, 'No.'

'Well, well,' says Ward, 'there 's one I think I know;

'An honest fellow, who 'twixt you and me,

'Is just the sort of Man, you will agree.

'A D——n'd good Fellow, but I rather think,

'He now, and then, will take a drop of drink;

'But otherwise, good-humour'd, sharp, and civil,
'John Bull will drink, but fight like any Devil;—
'Paddy, and Sawney Scot are just the same—
'Here, Serjeant, tell me what's the Fellow's name?
''Tis Teague O'Connor, him I recommend,
'He'll suit you famously, my worthy Friend.'
So Teague was then install'd Valet, and Groom,
And sent to set to rights his Master's Room.
As dinner-time approach'd, Ward bid him stay,
He'd home to dress, and take him on his way;
And John, rigg'd out in his Best Coat and Feather,

Waited for Ward, and off they went together.
The Commandant, with every wish to please,
Scouted those chilling forms that banish'd ease;
Tho' plac'd in Power, Dignity, and Trust,
Was kind to all, and to the Service Just.
The dinner o'er, the festive glass did flow,
John found himself a little queer or so;
Felt too, a sort of swimming in his head,
So stole away, resolved to go to bed.
When oft to write a Book we undertake,
If from the subject we a circuit make,
Some apt allusions may our minds engage,
Perchance for profit, to swell out our Page;
The little I may venture to intrude,
I introduce, by way of Interlude.
Your mercy then, good Critics, I entreat,
Mine is a sort of stuffing to my Meat;

Something of Foreign matter I must tell,
Or this my tale will not go down so well.
In every Country there are customs known,
Which they preserve exclusively their own.[1]
The Portuguese, by some odd whims infected,

[1] The opening of the Odoriferous Sluices generally commences about 9 o'clock P.M. and continues, without intermission, for about two hours, and woe to those unfortunates whose business, or pleasure, leads them forth during this display of Portuguese cleanliness!

There are certain regulations respecting this filthy outrage, such as requiring those people to call out three times, by way of warning the Foot-passenger of his danger, and the offenders are likewise liable to be called to some sort of reckoning; but the Laws, and the administration of the Laws, are altogether so defective, that it is very difficult to get redress, in cases in which robbery, or even murder, have been committed. Nay, I this moment see a Villain at large, who, without receiving any offence, but what he chose to consider one, on a young Officer's looking at a Girl, actually followed him, and struck him from behind with a stick so heavily as to brake his arm. The fellow was taken up, and evidences produced, proving the fact: but he is protected by his master (a fidalgo, *i.e.* a gentleman), and at this moment insolently stares a British officer in the face.

Have Cloacina's temple quite rejected;
How they arrange *their Worship*, we shall know,
By the disaster that befel our Beau.
Our Hero gaily sporting out a Song,
And cutting angles as he glid along,
Some Damsel, heedlessly, from upper floor,
Pandora's incense on his head did pour.
Drench'd, buffeted, he had no time to think,
Saluted by a compound of such Stink;
Smother'd all over by the filthy souse,
He reach'd his heart up, ere he reach'd his House.
Teague, by his Master's nasty figure struck,
Dryly, 'He wished him joy of his good luck';
Then seiz'd a Tub, and with assiduous care,
With water wash'd the ordure from his hair.

'Here, prythee, ease me of my Hat and Coat;

'O C——t! the filthy stuff's gone down my throat.

'O curse them, and their beastly, D——n'd emulsions;

'O Lord! my wretched guts are in convulsions!

'Give me a Dram. 'Od rot the nasty Vixen,

'She's ruined my best Coat, with her d——n'd Mixen.'

Now scour'd, and sweeten'd, Johnny whining said,

'O Teague, I'm horrid sick, shew me to Bed.'

Teague spread the folded Blanket in a crack,

And for a Pillow, placed his own Knapsack.

Astonished John his Servant's conduct viewing,
In trem'lous accents ask'd what he was doing?
'O, no great matter, Sir,' replies O'Connor,
'I 'm making up your Bed, an' plase your honour.'
'A Bed for me!' says John, half chok'd with rage,
Says Teague, 'You 'll soundly sleep there, I 'll engage.'
Poor John, exhausted now, and sighing deep,
In sadness stretch'd himself, and groan'd to sleep.
Scarce had the Sun arose in all his glory,
Ere Johnny flew to Ward to tell his story.
'Alas! dear Ward, 'tis fact what now I tell ye,
'My wretched bones are jumbled to a jelly.

'Then there's my best Reg'mentals all bedevil'd
'By that D——n'd Stink-pot which at me was levell'd.'
Ward felt an interest in his friend's behalf,
But for his soul could not restrain a laugh.
So bid him Breakfast, and forget his cares,
And then he'd try to manage his affairs.
So said, so done. 'And now,' says honest Ward,
'If I can't set you right, it is D——n'd hard':
'At B——'s Hotel you will get ev'ry comfort,
''Tis true he'll make you pay a lumping sum for 't.'
'O D——n the expence,' says John, ''tis all as well';
So sent Teague, Trunks and all, to the Hotel.

With Teague, John went next day to buy his stud,
A Mule [1] for baggage, and a bit of Blood.
Now see him in the Fair, with anxious face,
Trying this Dobbin's metal, t' other's pace.
'I say, you Whiskers, what do you ask for that?
'A Horse you call it—much more like a Rat.'
'*Noventa Dollars, Quienza Moidorés.*'
'How many Guineas, Mister?—what a bore he 's!'

[1] It was customary for the British Officers who came to Lisbon for the purpose of joining the army, to provide themselves with a Mule or two, to carry their baggage. The only convenient opportunity to make this purchase was at a sort of fair, held every Tuesday in the lower part of the town. There, Horses, Mules, and Donkies were bought and sold; and, as in all Markets, the price chiefly depended on the demand. The Portuguese Horse-dealer has all the avidity of an English jockey to pick your pocket, but they are not so *au fait* at the business. At this Fair, you buy or sell your Animal.

'No *Senhor*, no Guineas, *no Senhor, no say.*'
'Why how the Devil then am I to pay?'
But getting Dollars, he the Dobbin bought,
When something passing, his attention caught.
'Here, stop that Fellow, Teague, don't let him pass;
'I say, you Quiz, what ask you for that Ass?'
'By Ja—s, Sir,' says Teague, 'you 're in a wrong Key,
'It is a thumping Mule, and not a Donkey.'

The bargain is struck, the Money paid, and the contract is indissoluble.

English Guineas, at that time, had no attraction. The Dollar, or Moidure, was the medium; but since the Guineas have been introduced in payment of the Army, the Portuguese seem to appreciate their value.

It was customary for Officers who wanted Cash to give their Draft on some House in London, &c. &c.; but it was purchasing Money very expensively, giving at the rate of six Shillings and Sixpence for a Dollar that would bring only five Shillings; thus losing eighteenpence on every five Shillings.

'What!' retorts John, 'do you think I am
a fool?
'What! don't I know a Donkey from a
Mule?'
But Teague was right, and so his master
found,
And for the Beast, John offered Thirty
Pound.
'No,' says the Owner, 'but perhaps you
will
'Give Thirty-five, and I will take your Bill.'
'My Bill,' says John, 'a match, Sir; it is
done,
'To touch old Daddy's pockets, no bad
fun.'
The Beasts thus bought, by Teague were
taken Home;
So having time, John thought he'd take
a roam.
Strolling along, he saw the Portuguese,

Instead of hand, return a hugging squeeze.[1]

What beasts! thinks John. I 'm very sure no true man

Would hug a Fellow, as we do loved Woman;

In my dear country, Women are delightful—

None here I 've seen as yet, but what are frightful.

Now Smith's Repository[2] came in view,

'Ah! ah!' says John, 'I 've something there to do.'

The stairs he quick ascended with a skip,

His eyes were first attracted by a Whip;

[1] The Portuguese greeting each other, embrace; a practice certainly strange to a Briton, and recollecting the effluvia of garlic, is horribly offensive.

[2] Messrs. Smith and Co. opened a Warehouse of English goods, where an Officer might suit himself (paying rather dearly) with every article of wearing apparel, and furniture for the animals, &c.

For John observ'd a Whip was most essential
To make a Martial Hero consequential.
For other matters he would then be jobbing,
A bridle, and a saddle for his Dobbin,—
Canteens, Pack-saddle, and an oil-skin Cloak;
Smith wisely said, 'the Rain here is no joke';
He then a small Portmanteau did propose:
'That thing,' says John, 'won't hold the half my cloaths.'
'True, Sir,' said Smith, 'but you'll have much to spare;
'Of Forage you will get but half a share.'
Such are the Orders; you may not have seen 'em;
Two Subs are but allow'd one Mule between 'em.'

'Is that the case?' says John, 'then there's
some danger,
'That my poor Beasts must live upon the
Manger.[1]
'No matter, 'gad I'll keep them while I
can,
'And when I join, I then can change my
plan.'
So every thing being purchased to his will,
He settled all by draft on Ludgate Hill.
This day to bus'ness he did give up solely,
And went to buy his Stock from Cavigole.[2]

[1] The scarcity of forage rendered it necessary to curtail the quantity of animals allowed for the use of the army. This fell somewhat hard on Subaltern Officers, who were obliged so to contract their baggage as to deprive themselves of many articles actually necessary to their convenience. That something to wear—something to sleep on—something to eat—and something to cook with—were really necessary for existence; and only one miserable animal was allowed to carry what was so essential for two Subaltern Officers; but it was unfortunately the case.

[2] Senhor Cavigole, as well as many others, Misters and Senhors, kept shops replete with stores of all sorts,

'Pray, Sir,' says John, 'do you sell Hams,
and Cheese?'
'*Si Senhor*, I do sell all vat you please;
'Biscuits, & Porter, Tongues, Hollands,
& Brandy.'
John crack'd his Whip, and swore 'twas all
the dandy.
'Tea, Sugar, Salt, and vat of all most nice is,
'Pickles and Soda, good Segars and
Spices.'
'Well said, my Hearty! now I'll tell you
what,
'Pack some of all, but in a separate lot.'
John now another Draft on Daddy drew,
Gave his address and off to Belem flew.

which they sold at a very high price, but with which officers knew they must be supplied; for the hungry French had deprived the Portuguese of that little they possessed; and it did happen, and not unfrequently, that divisions had been so scantily supplied with rations, that even a private soldier has been known to give a Dollar for one biscuit, and glad to satisfy his hunger at that enormous rate.

Jobberg Acmaxe going to lay in stock.

His time now pass'd with pleasure, and
delight,
Loitering all day, and getting drunk at
night.
In scenes like these, John found the week
had past,
And to his Reg'ment he must go at
last:
A Route receiv'd to travel off next Day,
And march to Sacavem without delay;
And thus by daily journies was to go,
Until he reach'd the Santarem Depôt.
Next morn, on Dobbin, off friend Johnny
started;
Teague led the Mule, and so they both
departed.
John's legs from Dobbin nearly scrap'd
the road,
The Mule close following, tott'ring 'neath
its load.

Poor Teague, esteem'd by all a hearty fellow,
With parting Glass had got a little mellow:
A trifling failing here I must disclose,
Teague swore 'twas for the honour of his Nose,
Whose lovely size, and colour, to his thinking,
Could only be maintained by hearty drinking.
Heedless he went, unmindful as he past,
The poor Mule stumbled, and the load was cast.
'Thunder & Turf! are those your tricks?' says Teague,
'What! tired you Spalpeen, and come but a League!'
John now dismounted, and with horror stood;
They 'd told him of Banditti in the Wood.

'O, Teague! dear Teague! as we are only two,
'If the curst thieves should come, what shall we do?'
'Thieves! is it thieves you fear, Sir, G—d confound 'em!
'Teague and your Honour surely can surround 'em;
'By Ja—s, I would bodder half a score.'
This check'd John's fears, who now did him implore
To get the load upon the Mule once more.
The job accomplish'd, he his Horse bestrode,
And then with anxious look pursued his Road.
As Sacavem came now full right in view,
He then enquired of Teague 'what he should do?'

Getting into his Billet.

'Is this the place?' says John in wild amazement.

'Is it to such D——n'd sties as these they send us?

'A pretty way they treat their Brave Defenders!'

Entering, at length, he saw a squalid Wench,

Begrimed with dirt, and luxury of stench;

Then, in a filthy room, and almost dark,

Three wretched women squatted round a spark.

With out stretch'd hand his Billet he presents,

And stopp'd his nose t' escape the beastly scents.

A croaking voice exclaims, '*Aqui Senhor?*'

'A key!' says John, 'why, D——n me, you 've no Door.'

Teague, sober grown, now offer'd his advice,

'A Soldier, plase your honour, mayn't be
nice.
'Becase your honour must consider; as why,
'There 's a good Roof between us and the
Sky:
'I 'll first go out, and steal the Beasts some
Food,
'And then I 'll cook your honour some-
thing good.'
Alas! poor John; he wanted consolation,
Wrapp'd in the misery of meditation;
So bolting out in anguish to the Street,
A Sign[1] suspended did his optics greet;
When in he rush'd, and to a room was led,
With Table, Chair, and something like a
Bed.
Now from his Canteen culled sufficient fare,

[1] Immediately in the vicinity of Lisbon, a person may contrive at the inns, or rather wine houses, to be somewhat better accommodated than at a Subaltern's billet.

The Brandy swallowed, and forgot his care,
In four days' time he reach'd the first Depôt,
And at the Commandant's himself did show.
This was a Hero[1] great, who treated Subs
As little better than a pack of Scrubs.
Himself from Ranks had risen by his merit,
But those advantages did not inherit
That in the best societies you find
Arising from a cultivated mind;
Imperiously made all beneath him feel
His rod of Power and his wond'rous zeal,
'Here, Sir, you Ensign, mind, on no pretext
'Must you neglect to call day after next.
'There, get you gone! for you I've nothing more,'
And with his finger pointed to the Door.

[1] No disrespect is intended, but until one can 'make a Silk Purse of a Sow's ear,' we must be content to submit to the 'insolence of Office.'

John travelled out, repeating, 'Nothing more!
'D——n me if e'er I met so rude a Bore!'
But by experience knew that to complain
Against such Brutal manners would be vain.
Accustom'd now, he quickly stirr'd about,
First to obtain, then make his Billet out.
This settled to his heart's content,
That Day and Night he comfortably spent;
Next morning call'd, and so without delay,
To reach the next Depôt he bent his Way.

END OF PART I

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES

OF

JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES

OF

JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II

NOW once on their Way we see the Pair,
When John, as passing, did around him
stare;
Though flat the Country, oft he got a peep
At the smooth Tagus in its mazy sweep;
Whose Banks well covered by the richest
soil,
Yielding abundant Crops, with scanty
Toil.

'Tis a fine Country, Teague, one needs must say,
'But thousands should not tempt me here to stay.'
'I'd not live here,' says Teague, 'among the Craters;
'Give me dear Ireland, Whiskey and Paraters.'

Thus time beguil'd in social chat was past,
When John reflected he'd not broke his Fast.
When from the Road a narrow path he took,
And gain'd a Rocky Bank, hard by a Brook.
For now friend Sol had his meridian got—
John felt uneasy, 'twas so scorching hot.
With eager look a survey round he made,
To take advantage of some friendly Shade.

Taking his Breakfast.

Alas! no friendly Bough would interpose
A shadow large enough to screen his nose,
So, near the spot at which his Dobbins drank,
He crept beneath the shelving of the Bank;
Whilst Teague, regardless of the Sultry ray,
Unpack'd the load, and let the Dobbins stray:
Then spread the Breakfast, which, to John's relief,
Proved a good store of Biscuit, Ham, and Beef.
John, now refresh'd, still closer in did creep,
With Brandy quench'd his thirst, and fell asleep.
Teague hearing now his Master snore profound,
With great composure squatted on the ground;

Then with the Brandy filled the largest Cup—
'Here's to good luck!' said he, then drank it up.
Again replenish'd, down again it goes,—
'And that's,' said Teague, 'in honour of my Nose.'
Another filled, Teague thought it mighty clever,
Though last, not least, 'twas 'Ireland for ever.'
Then cast a look around, to see all right,
Fell on his back, and wish'd himself good Night.
When now the Sun had three parts clear'd his Course,
Teague started up, and look'd for Mule and Horse;
Pack'd up and loaded, and with gentle stroke,

Touching his Master's shoulder, he awoke;

'Tis time to March, Sir, and more cool the weather.'

John was content, so off they went together;

Reach'd Gallega that night; Punhete next day.

Poor John knock'd up, began to curse the Way.

'Such Bl--st—d Roads will make a Fellow crazy!'

'O plase you, Sir,' said Teague, 'do just be asy;

'By Ja—s 'tis a turnpike, let me tell ye,

'To what you'll meet with at that Villa Velhe.'

John interrupted Teague in his Oration,

To know, was not Abrantes the next Station?

'Faith, and it is,' said Teague, 'there is no doubt;
'Is it not mintioned in your Honour's Route?'
'O! D——n the Route,' said John; 'I want to know,
'I'm so curst tired, how far we have to go!'
Abrantes Castle now came full in sight,
Much to John's consolation and delight.
A T——r was its Juiz; as folk say,
If not belied, and in the Frenchman's pay,
A Brutish Coxcomb—rough, and most uncivil,
Who slily wish'd our Army at the Devil;
On all occasions, it was his delight,
On British Officers to vent his spite;
Kept John, with Teague and Baggage, at his Door,
Kicking their heels for full three hours and more.

John fumed and fretted—but 'twas all in vain;
Till tired to death, his Billet did obtain.
But such a filthy, loathsome, beastly Hut
Mud walls, Mud floor, besmear'd with Slime & Smut!
'O L—d!' says John, 'pray how shall I contrive,
'In this D——n'd hole, to keep myself alive?'
A half-starved Taylor, vamping up old breeches,
Cried, '*Viva, Senhor!*' and pursu'd his stitches.
'*Viver!*' said John, 'O G—d confound your "*viver*,"
'This horrid place will put me in a Fever.'
Then with Grimaces, Sighs, and Groans, and Shrugs,

Explor'd this den of Lice, and Fleas, and Bugs.
It is a fact well known, the Portuguese
Cherish voluptuously both Lice and Fleas;
Some Bramin-like, are influenc'd by Piety,
But mostly for Amusement, and Society;
For Females oft in parties will carouse,
Scratching each other's Heads, t' entrap a Louse,
Whilst on their skins, the Fleas will Skip, & Scramble,
And wanton Lice through all their ringlets ramble.
Not that these Gamesome Merriments we find,
As in some Countries, to the Poor confin'd;
Here does their influence undisputed Reign,
From Courtly Nobles, to the humble Swain.

But to resume, poor John, as it was late,
Sadly submitted to his wretched fate;
Rejected Food, on Canteens stretch'd he lay,
And sullen watch'd for the returning Day.
Teague fed his Animals, then took his Dose,
And soon resign'd himself to his repose.
Restless poor John now pass'd the tedious Night,
Each minute starting from a greedy Bite;
With outstretch'd neck, his eyes he cast aloof,
Reliev'd at length by Day-light through the Roof,
Set Teague to work, and so without delay,
Saddled his Dobbins, and went on his way.

Now eagerly he sniffed the fragrant Gale,
The Tagus crossed, and travell'd in the Dale.
Govina, Niza, now left in their Rear,
When Dobbin stopped, and bristled up with fear.
'God rot the beast!' says John in some amaze,
Rose in his stirrups, and did round him gaze:
A sight beheld, that gave his nerves a shock,
A mangled human Body on the Rock.[1]

[1] It was shocking to behold the number of dead bodies (chiefly of the French Army) with which the Highway was crowded.—They were in a horribly disgusting state of Nudity, and half devoured by Wolves, and Birds. The Armies had no time to bury the Dead, and the Inhabitants were either too indolent, or for some other reason neglected to do it. But to such a state of Barbarism had the natives of Portugal and Spain attained, that Boys and Girls have been seen throwing human heads at each other, by way of amusement; and a little Urchin, ten years old, Servant to an

Transfix'd, he stared with horror and
affright,
And roared to hasten Teague with all his
might.
Teague unconcerned, with shrug of non-
chalance,
Said, 'O, by Ja—s! 'you 'll ne'er get to
France!
'He's a Frenchman, Master, that lies
sprawling,
'The Wolves have given him a pretty
mauling.'
'What, Teague,' said John, who felt
another dread,
'Is 't Wolves that have upon this Carcase
fed?'

Officer, was heard frequently to boast, after the Battle of Salamanca, of having stolen slily on the wounded Frenchmen, struck them on the head with a Stone, in order, if possible, to kill, for the purpose of plundering them.

Again with horror did around him peer;
'Won't they attack us, Teague?' they must be near.
'Attack,' says Teague, 'your honour need not fright;
'If we were dead, and Travelling here, they might.'

John tired, and anxious, now began to grumble,
The cursed, rugged Road, made Dobbin stumble;
Some sad mishap his senses now forebodes,
When Teague exclaims, 'These are the Devils own Roads!'
Now from a Cliff they view'd a Gulph below,
Where Tagus sternly midst the Rocks did flow,

A narrow path they follow'd, jam'd with stones,
John, Dobbin led, and trembled for his bones:
Scrambling, & straggling, step from Ridge to Ridge;
At length, the danger passed, they reach'd the Bridge.
Now on their Route we find them each day gaining,
But, wearied out, poor Johnny ceas'd complaining;
Grown used to suffer Insolence and Pillage
In every beastly town and dirty Village;
To see Religion made the tool of Knaves;
To crush morality, and nourish Slaves.

As now to Salamanca near John drew,
Pleas'd that to Portugal he 'd bid adieu,

Was told to hasten—there might be a
Fight,
The Hostile foes were in each other's sight:
With British ardour thrilling thro' each
vein;
Urged by an impulse nothing could
restrain.

John's soul was meek, but he felt in truth
With all the bashful modesty of Youth;
From his blest native Soil he did inherit
A bold, determined mind, and active spirit;
Nought could his zealous energy oppose,
He'd join his Reg'ment, and he'd face its
Foes—
Boldly push'd on to share in the Attack,
And found the brave King's Own in
Bivouac.[1]

[1] The Army, not having tents, were obliged to lay out exposed to the Weather.

All here to John appear'd both strange, and new,
He knew not what to say, nor what to do;
Which way to turn, nor whom he should accost,—
Poor John amidst the motley Crew was lost.
Here groupes of Soldiers, in light converse stood,
Some he saw cooking, others fetching Wood.
And here, and there, were seen a huddled heap,
In spite of scorching Sun, all fast asleep.
And now a crowd of Officers he sees,
On Rocky fragments sitting at their ease.
John went to seek the Officer Commanding:
An Officer replied, 'Sir, there he's standing.'

John now with modesty reveal'd his Name,
Told him the Rank he held, and how he came.

The Officer his aid now friendly lent him,
Proposing to the Colonel to present him.
To this John readily gave his assent,
And arm in arm they sociably went.
Arriv'd, the Officer first stepped before,
'This, Sir, is Ensign *Newcome*, of our Corps.'
'I 'm very glad to see you, Mr. *Newcome*;
''Tis charming weather: pray from whence do you come?'
'Uncommon hot, Sir! but I push'd my Cattle,
'In hopes I should in time be for the Battle.'

Introduced to his Colonel

'O! you're in famous time, you need not fear:
'But you must send your Baggage to the Rear.'
'The Devil!' quoth John, 'this is a queer beginning,
'So sweating Hot, and not a change of Linen.'
And then in modest accents did intreat,
He might reserve his Canteens and his Meat.[1]

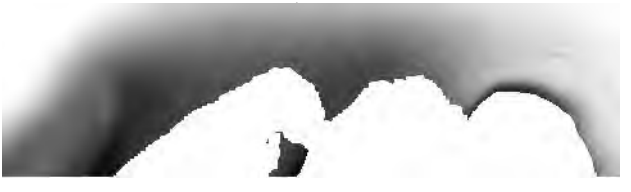
[1] In consequence of the difficulty of transporting Baggage, and from other causes, a Regiment on active Service in the Peninsula, could not keep up a regular Mess, as in England. Each Officer was obliged to manage for himself. They were generally divided in mess-parties of twos and threes. This greatly incommoded the Subaltern Officer: allowed only the carriage of half an Animal, it was not possible to admit, for the purpose of having eatables, any addition to his share of Baggage. The mere Ration was all that could be carried, with a Camp-kettle for culinary purposes. Besides, we must recollect the difficulty of obtaining extra articles, and also the want of Money: so that the bit of Beef, and the portion of Biscuit, was the general fare for at least two-thirds of the Officers, with a small

'By no means, Sir, just now, we Sons of Mars,
'Are glad to live on Brandy and Segars.
'In anxious times like these, it is our plan,
'To satisfy our hunger as we can;
'The Ground our Bed, where we contented lie,
'Nought interposes 'twixt us and the Sky.
'We first must drub yon Saucy Vapouring Elves,
'Then get our Baggage, and enjoy ourselves.'

allowance of Ration, Rum, and Wine (generally execrable stuff): the prime luxury was a drop of Brandy and a Segar.

With respect to the article of dress, the contents of a very small Portmanteau was all that could be taken, and, if an Officer wore out, or lost his Regimental Jacket, his great Coat was the substitute. As for waistcoats, they were as fancy directed, but generally black, blue, or green, of either silk or velvet.

An enormous pair of Mustachios and Whiskers were frequently seen to protrude from the delicate countenances of some of our Bond Street Beaux.



John listen'd, scrap'd, and bow'd, and then
retir'd:
(Not that the Colonel's speech he much
admir'd.)
'Come,' said his Friend, 'cheer up, & don't
be glum.
'I 've got a Biscuit, and a little Rum.
'No,no,' said John, 'I 'll from my Canteens
borrow,
'We 'll feast to-day, altho' we starve to-
morrow.
'Then hand out, Teague, whatever is to
spare,
'And let us all the Prog amongst us share.

Now see him careless stretch'd upon the
ground,
Viewing with silent wonder all around.
His brother Officers so oddly drest,
Their ragged Jacket, and their purple Vest;

Reg'mental Great Coats, batter'd, bare, and old;
And Forage Caps that once were blue, and gold.
Shirts of whose proper colour were no trace.
Mustachios, Whiskers, that disguised their face.
Yet all was lively, frolicsome, and gay,
Full of their laughter—full of fun and play.

And now John's Hams and Tongues were all paraded,
And by his hungry Friends were soon invaded;
The flowing Cup they to each other bandy,
They ate his Prog, and drank up all his Brandy.

In course of conversation there arose
A question, as to number of their Foes.
One said there's Twenty Thousand; others swore
There were, they thought, *at least* as many more:
As many more at least they would maintain—
Look at their Columns stretching o'er the Plain.
John started up, astonish'd to descry
The Hostile Army just bélow them lie.
'O bless my heart!' said John, 'what lots of Foes,
They're scattered all about as thick as Crows.'
He view'd them with a keen, astonish'd eye,
Felt rather queer to find they were so nigh.

But snugly kept his thoughts within his breast,
Fearful they'd turn his ignorance to jest.

Now evening closed, and cast a silent gloom;
'Come,' says his friend, 'lay down, we'll make you room:
'Here take this Blanket, and beneath you spread,
'And here's a Stone, as Pillow for your Head.'
John thankfully conformed to his advice,
And, like the rest, was snoring in a trice.

Now the bold Leader of each Hostile Band,
Manœuvred for the 'vantage of the Land.
At length great Wellington, with his Allies,
Completely took the Frenchmen by surprize,—

Boldly descended in the midst of Day,
Attack'd the French as they supinely lay;
His Light troops skirmishing, began the Battle,
Then thundering Cannon thro' the Ranks did rattle.
Divisions to Divisions then oppose,
But British valour soon overwhelm'd its Foes.
Then burst the Cavalry with heroic speed,
Charging their Squares, and every where succeed.
Beat at all points, the dastard Frenchmen yield,
Trust all to flight, and scamper from the Field.
Thus the brave British, German, Portuguese,
Fought, Conquer'd, Triumph'd at th' Arepiles;

And I, to deck my story, fain would sing,
How all the Salamanca Bells did ring;
How Peasants unconcerned, th' ensuing Day.
Plough'd thro' the honour'd soil where Heroes lay.
But no—content I 'll to my story keep,
And so return to John I left asleep;
Who, wrapt in slumber, care forgetting, lies,
The Long roll Beat—he started, rubb'd his eyes.
'Why, what's the matter?—surely it is dark.'
'Aye,' says his friend, 'we rise before the Lark.
'Our Orders are to fall in every Morn,
'And stand to Arms an hour before the Dawn;
'Come, rouse my honest Fellow, don't be slack,

'At break of day the Frenchmen may attack.'

John rose, but grumbled out, 'If I 'd been told,

'They 'd start me up thus shivering in the Cold;

'To go Campaigning, I would ne'er been led.

'But stuck to my own Corps, and Feather-Bed.

The Adjutant did now friend Johnny fix,

To Captain Bull's division, Number Six;

In Captain Buckett's company, when 'Lo!'

Says John, 'I think I Captain Buckett know;

'His uncle's Tub the Brewer, I've no doubt,—

'Old Buckett lives in Faringdon Without.'

Soon recogniz'd—the Morn began to break;

His Captain begg'd he'd half a biscuit take:

'Eat it, my boy, and mind what I shall say,
'I 'm sure we shall have pepp'ring work to Day;
'And drink this Rum, for I 'm apt to think
'We shall have more to do than eat and drink.'
And he was right; in truth they soon did hear—
A sort of busy Hum came from the Rear.
An Order from the General, to say,
'The Column was to move without delay.'
John to his Captain stuck, but was perplex'd
To think of what the deuce was coming next.

Now for three hours they March'd with steady pace,
Till they descended to the Mountain's base.

The Column halted—stood in close Array ;
The Light Troops forward push'd to feel
the way. .
The Muskets' prittle prattle soon com-
mences,
Along the Front, from Ditches, Walls,
and Fences.
Now, 'scaping from a distant patch of
Smoke,
Shells from the Frenchmen's Mortars
round them broke.
And now their Field-Guns at the Column
aiming,
Shot, after Shot, in peals of thunder
coming.

When John this skirmishing did first
behold,
He thought the Little Light bobs
desperate bold.

But when stray Bullets whistled by his Ear,
John rather shrunk—but 'twas not done through fear;
'Twas his first trial, he could not disguise
A natural impulse, taken by surprise.
Now Bullets, Balls, and Shells around them flew,
As to th' embattled Foe they nearer drew.
Now to its Right the Column did incline,—
Gain'd its Position, forming into Line;
With slow, but bold, intrepid pace, advance
Amidst the Vollies of the Troops of France.
The Battle soon with death-like fury rag'd.
John's mind, his Eye, his every thought engag'd.
Around him Slaughter dwelt with ruthless Blow,
And Heroes' blood did in sad torrents flow,

When Johnny suddenly receiv'd command,
He in his Captain's place should take his stand.
Struck by the fragments of a Broken Shell,
Fighting his country's cause, the Hero fell.
Undaunted, undismayed, our gallant John
Took the Command, and bravely led them on.
And now by British valour close assail'd
(For British valour every where prevail'd),
Three piercing shouts their Hostile Bands invade,
When desperately the British charge was made.
O'erthrown, disorder'd, down their arms they threw,
Whilst British Victors every where pursue.
Thousands lay drench'd in gore upon the plain,

Thousands led Captive in the Conqueror's
train.
The Battle o'er, the foe now put to flight,
Chac'd by the Victors till the close of
night.
The Gallant Bands to neighbouring
heights retire,
In groupes collected, nestle round the Fire ;
The conflicts of the day by turns relate,—
Count o'er the slaughtered, and lament
their fate.
Stretch'd on the ground, they lay in sound
repose,
Nor rous'd from slumber, till the Sun arose.
With melancholy zeal John bent his way
To seek the spot where his brave Captain
lay—
Fain would I stop, but truth I must impart,
And spread a gloom o'er every British
heart ;

Smells powder for the first time.

As slow his searching eye survey'd the ground,
Bestrew'd with Mangled Carcases around,
He saw, when speechless, horror-struck he stood,
The naked Body weltering in its Blood.[1]
'Alas!' says John, with indignation heated,
'Is this the way a gallant Hero 's treated?'
And now the Body to the earth he gave,
And with a friendly tear bedew'd the Grave.
When Johnny did a Letter home Indite,
To tell his mother all about the Fight.

[1] For the purpose of getting Liquor, the invincible British Soldier will commit every species of depredation: he will rob a House, plunder a Church, steal from his Comrade, and strip his own Officer in the midst of death and slaughter. Instances are known, and too frequently have they occurred, of Scoundrels having, under pretence of aiding a wounded Officer, rifled and stripped him of his apparel; and all this was effected before death had sealed his doom—before his gallant spirit, that through Life had led them to victory, or protected them in Retreat, had quitted its earthly Mansion!

'Dear Mother,

'In few words I will contrive
'To let you know that I am safe alive.
'I know, dear Mother, it will give you joy—
'The Colonel said, I was a gallant Boy.
'But truly, Mother, my poor pen can't tell
'How we were Pepper'd by the Shots and Shell.
'Poor Buckett too, you know, old Buckett's son,
'Was kill'd, and fell before we made them run.
'And now, dear Mother, I 'm sure for joy you 'll cry,
'To know who led his Soldiers to the charge? but I.
'Our glorious General too, he lives as hard
'As any Ticket Porter in our Ward.

Half Rations.

Johnny writes an account of the Action to his Mother, which afterwards appears in the Star.

'But I 've no time, though much I have to say,
'We're order'd to March off without delay.
'I don't know where to give you my direction,
'So give my loving Father my affection.
'We shall have Peace, and then go home again,
'So I most dutifully do remain,
'J. N.'

The Rations now arriv'd, each took his share,
And eagerly devour'd the scanty Fare;
And scanty Fare it was, consisting chief
Of flinty Biscuit, tough, and stinking Beef,
Tho' Teague's report at first made John look glum—
''Tis only half allowance, and no Rum.'

'O Damn those Commissaries! what a
disaster,
'They've brought us down, you see, to
Lath & Plaster.
'But, "Vive la guerre," 'tis useless to
repine.'
So on they March, and in the pursuit join.
Now rapidly they on the vanquish'd prest,
Snatching at intervals a hasty rest.
Day after Day, and frequently all Night,
They speed to check the Frenchmen in
their flight:
When luckily for John, an order came
To Halt—for John was wearied, & poor
Dobbin lame.
Close to Medina now their Stations took,
Amidst the standing Barley, near a Brook.
Knock'd up was John, his spirits quite
forsook him,
So to his Hospital the Doctor took him.

Learning to Smoke and drink Grog.

'Come cheer, my friend; come rally and be gay;—
'I've got some Lads to Dine with me to-day.'
John fain would rally, but was sick at heart;
Though at the dinner tried to play his part.
'Come,' says the Doctor, 'here's Rum and Segars;
'This is the way we carry on our Wars.
'Here, smoke, my boy, I know 'twill do you good;
'And try this Country wine, 'twill cool your Blood.'
John smoked, & drank, & drank, & smoked again,
But nought upon his Stomach would remain.

His head turn'd round—he tried to gain
the door,
But miss'd his mark, and sp—d upon the
floor.
'O Ja—s,' says a lively Irish Blade,
'I ne'er before saw such a grand Cascade.'
Holding his Nose, exclaim'd a chubbly
Lad,
'Give me some Rum, or I shall be as
bad.'
'True,' says a third, and winking as he
spoke,
'Though well he stood the Fire, he can't
the Smoke.'
'Aye,' says the Doctor, sagely, 'it a fact is,
'Tobacco fumes corrode for want of
practice;
'Coming in contact with the Mesentary,
'Sickness produce, and sometimes
Dysentery.'

Poor Johnny on the sick List.

'Aye,' says another, cramming up his Snuff,
'One at a time, the Cascade's quite enough.'
'Come, *Newcome*,' says the Doctor, 'once more try;
'Of this you 'll get the better bye and bye.'
But now against the wall, John held his head,
And drawling out, 'Ah, no! I 'm almost dead.'
So, on a Blanket stretch'd, in wretched plight,
And, parch'd with fever, groan'd away the Night.

Next morn the Doctor came, his Friend to seek,
And found poor Johnny, feverish, and weak.

'Ah! Sir,' says John, 'it is to me quite clear,
'That I 'm a dead man, if they keep me here.'
The Doctor felt his Pulse, and gave a shrug;
The Constitution could not stand the Tug.
'Your health, poor *Newcome*, does so bad appear,
'That I shall send you straightways to the Rear.
'To Salamanca first, and when you 're there,
'You will be ordered Home for change of Air.
'The Board of Surgeons will, I 'm well assur'd,
'At once decide that here you can't be cured.'

Going Sick to the Rear.

Next Morn, by times, John in a cart was laid,
Follow'd by Teague, and to the Rear convey'd;
Dragg'd in the midst of Donkies, Mules, and Carts,
With sick, and wounded, Johnny now departs,—
Expos'd to jolting Roads, to Dust, and Heat—
Expos'd for hours, in some vile Road or Street;
The livelong Day, no comfort, food, or rest,
Waking all Night, by sad disease opprest:
Around him anguish speaks in languid tones,
And wounded Heroes, stifling in their groans.

But from such dismal scenes I must refrain,—
The dreadfull retrospect gives only pain,
As 'tis my wish, in this my humble measure,
To give my gentle Reader only pleasure;
Tho' in this story of one Vent'rous Youth,
I give the truth, and nothing but the truth.
At length to Salamanca John was taken,
His mind afflicted; frame and body shaken.
And once more Housed, in temporary dose,
His worn-out, wearied Carcase sought repose,
The Surgeons found, as Dissolution border'd,
That he to England must straightways be order'd.

By easy journies, (tho' estrang'd from ease),
He once more travell'd in the land of Fleas.
Onward was dragg'd o'er many a weary League,
His only comfort left was honest Teague.
Silent and sad he lay, and scarcely spoke,
But '*Oh Patron, oh! sparum, sparum poke.*[1]
'Oh, mind the Rascal, Teague, don't let him spill me;
'The horrid Brute I 'm sure 's resolv'd to kill me.'

[1] In the Portuguese language various meanings are attached to the same term. For instance, 'Viva' is generally intended for, 'How do you do?' 'God bless you.'—'Rompi' is used 'to beat, to tear, to scratch, to plunder.'—'Patron' is 'the father of a family, the husband, the master.'—'Sparum,' 'stop, be quiet, be easy, have done.'—'Poke, from poco,' 'a little, directly, quietly.'

The Portuguese driver perfectly resembles the English wagoner; except that the one is obstinate from stupidity, the other from insolence.

And, now when many a tedious Day had past,
Half-dead at Lisbon, he arriv'd at last.
His piteous case was now by Teague convey'd,
And in due form before the General laid.
A Fleet of Transports in the Tagus lay,
And was to Sail for England the next day.
The General kindly sent poor Johnny word—
A Birth was order'd; he might go on Board;
With kind indulgence, and which did him honour,
Permission gave that he might take O'Connor.
Teague's honest joy now kindled in his heart,
When from his Master he was not to part.

'He'd been his Friend, his Nurse, his Consolation;
'No braver Lad,' says Teague, 'lives in the Nation;
'I'll get him snug on Board, and then I think,
'I'll to my Friends, and to take a hearty drink.'
Now John by Teague was safely stow'd on Board,
And Teague got staggering drunk to keep his word.
Next morn by times, to Johnny's great surprize,
Teague had a broken Nose, and two Black Eyes.
Teague thought by some excuse to make amends—
'I *tuck* a Drink, your Honour, with some Friends.'

'With Friends,' said John, 'no, Teague,
you mean your Foes;
'The Devil's in't, if Friends would break
your Nose.'
'Ah no, your Honour,' says Teague, ''twas
Friends for *sartin*—
'We drank like Friends, *but had a fight
at parting.*'
'O! aye,' said John, 'you Paddies like a
joke,
So friendly-like, you took a parting
Stroke.'

Blue Peter hoisted, and the Wind was fair;
John much refresh'd inhal'd the saline air.
Stretch'd on the Deck, he oft did take his
Station,
His empty stomach offer'd no oblation:
His wand'ring thoughts would retro-
spective cast,

Dwelling on all the Scenes that he had
pass'd;
And fancy oft would pleasurably roam
To his lov'd Parents, and his happy Home.

Now passing Ushant from the Bay of
Biscay,
'Don't I,' said Teague, 'smell Ireland &
Whiskey?'
'Why, Teague,' said John, 'I think we're
drawing near
'The coast of Ireland, that is called Cape
Clear.
'Here, take the Spy-Glass—look with all
your might.'
'I see't, by Ja—s, 'tis Clear out of sight.'
As to the Northward now the Wind did
veer,
They trimm'd the Sails, and up the
Channel steer;

Smoothly they ran, and, by the Convoy led,
They shortly cast their Anchor at Spithead.

Tho' weak was John, and trembled at each joint,
He took a Boat, and landed at the point;
Popp'd Teague and Baggage in a Chaise and Four,
And quickly travell'd to his Father's Door.

The honest Grocer was in daily use,
When he had din'd, to take a quiet snooze;
Whilst his good Dame, whose anxious mind was fill'd
With dread her dearest Johnny might be kill'd,
Sat pensively, lamenting her sad case—
In burst her Son, and flew to her embrace:

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and press'd him to
her breast,
And all the Mother's fondest love exprest.

The honest Grocer, waking in amaze,
Rubbing his eyes, did on our Hero gaze,—
'Why dang it now, do my old eyes tell
true?
'Is it my boy,—dear Johnny, is it you?
'When did you come? how got you leave,
my Boy?
'Zounds! I'm so glad, I can't contain
my joy!'

John now explain'd how England he did
reach;
Th' enraptur'd Parents hung upon his
speech.
His anxious Mother sadly now survey'd
The alteration that disease had made;

Saw his pale look, his sunk, and languid
Eye,
Then gently said (with a Maternal sigh),
'I see you're ill, my Son, with pain, and
grief:
'What shall we do to give our John relief?'
'Ah, Dame! your slops and stuffs I see
no good in—
'Give him a belly-full of beef and pudding;
'The Boy's half-starv'd—o'drat that
cursed Spain:
'Thank God! my child's come back
alive again.'

Our John 'tween Dad and Mother took a
Chair,
And now more tranquil grew the happy
pair;
Related what he'd seen, and how he felt
When first in action he the powder smelt:

Johnny safe returned to his Mama.

Then prattled on until old Dad was yawning—
When tucked up by Mamma, he slept till morning.

And now strange thoughts pervaded Johnny's brain,—
He'd seen enough of Fighting, and of Spain;
So, after dinner, with his honest Sire,
With good old Port, and near a blazing Fire,
'I think,' says John, 'Campaigning is no joke
'With us poor *Subs*, it only ends in smoke:
'For my own part, I've got a sort of notion,
'That I, by other means, may get Promotion.'

'How's that?' says Dad, 'dear Johnny
don't be rash.'
'Father, I mean by interest, or by Cash.'
'O aye, my Son, aye, now I think I take
you—
'If Cash will do't, I'll soon a Colonel
make you.'
'True, Sir,' says John; 'when the Gazette
I read,
'There's many by that way I see
succeed.'
'If that's your way,' again replies the Dad,
'I'll soon promote you, never fear my lad.
'I'll tell you what, dear John, since off
you ran,
'A Banker I'm become, and Alderman:
'And what's still better, as you will agree,
'I represent the City, an M.P.'
'An M.P., dear Dad—that's devilish well,
'Then I can now Campaign it in Pall Mall.'

'Campaign at Carlton House—is 't that you say[1]?'

'Aye, aye, dear Dad, you take me—that 's the way.

[1] It is a *general observation*, 'that One Campaign at St. James's is more efficacious in the attainment of promotion than half-a-dozen Campaigns in active service.' Military observers can easily appreciate the justice of that remark.

The fact is, that had his Royal Highness, the Commander in-Chief, the uncontrolled power in the guidance of the Army, Interest and Wealth would give place to Justice, Merit, and Desert.

I shall take the liberty to relate an anecdote which is of so recent a date, that a reference may be had to it without difficulty. Attached to Lord Wellington's dispatches, relative to the victory of Vittoria, it pleased the higher powers to subjoin the names of certain Officers, with the promotion honourably granted to them, of course, and in consonance with the recommendation of the noble chiefs—so many Majors to be Lieutenant-Colonels, so many Captains to be Majors.

Before I allude to this particular circumstance, and one which gives validity to the above 'general observations,' I beg to be understood, that in being obliged to bring forward this case as one in point, the Officer alluded to is universally esteemed; he is not only active, but intelligent: he stands high in the estimation of his superiors, for a knowledge of the duties of his profession, as well as zeal, and courage, in their performance.

This gentleman's name was not introduced in the above

'Who gets Promotion now? tell me who
hears?
'Do the poor Subs who've fought so
many Years?
'A Captain, now and then, may make a
shift
'By some odd accident to get a lift.
'I know a man[1] of whom 'tis truly said

promotion at the Tail of the dispatch. Some time afterwards we saw it in the Gazette, but in another class of name for the Brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and bearing date (I think on account of the action) the same day, *videlicet*, that of the 21*st June*. But we now observe this Officer's name with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, his Commission bearing date the 2nd of June, by which he has been promoted; over whom? He, a young Major, over Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole. I have not the honour to be acquainted with that gentleman, *but it is generally known that he has been in every action of the last three campaigns*. He has been promoted from a Company, to a Majority, and Lieutenant-Colonelcy for his meritorious conduct; in the last instance, for his gallantry at the Battle of Vittoria.

The Hussar Brigade came out in 1813; and all, I believe, that was ever known of their gallantry, was a little affair of cavalry on the 2nd of June, detailed to Lord Wellington in a flourishing letter from Colonel Grant.

[1] Lieutenant Dyas, of 51st Light Regiment.

'He bravely twice a Storming party led;
'And Volunteer'd both times—now here's the rub,
'THE GALLANT FELLOW STILL REMAINS A SUB.'
'That's cruel hard, my boy, there is no doubt,
'Enough to break a heart, tho' e'er so stout;
'But never mind, I'VE CASH AT MY COMMAND.'
'They've touch'd it somewhere. Eh! you understand.'
'If that's your Plan, gadzooks! I'll bet a wager
'I soon shall see you Captain! aye! and Major.'

END OF PART II

SEQUEL

TO THE

MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART I

SEQUEL

TO THE

MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART I

FRIENDS, Fashion, Fortune, will deceptive veer,
Like fickle Seasons, in the varying Year.
A sad it is, but melancholy Truth,
How small, how slippery is the path of Youth:
Many, no doubt, incautious, weak, and blind,
Betraying want of prudence, want of mind,

Impetuously advance, nor look before—
They unlamented sink—to rise no more:
Others again, by observation guided,
Step firmly on, determined, and decided;
One solid Object steadily pursue,
Nor e'er lose sight of what they have in view.
Such was our Youth. If truly we him scan,
He knew the World, and was a Worldly man;
For deep intrigue, or artifice was fit,
Endued with ample store of Mother wit:
Apt was his mind, and his perception keen,
To meditate on what he'd heard and seen.
Tho' few years converse with the World he'd held,
He saw how much by folly 'twas impell'd;

Saw to their passions that Mankind were
Slaves,
The dupes to flattery, and the sport of
Knaves;
Saw exultation, which no art could
smother,
Greedy enjoy the downfall of each
other;
Saw honest poverty, by pride opprest,
And worthless Scoundrels for their
wealth carest;
Saw titled Miscreants, to all feeling lost,
Disgrace the noble Pedigree they boast;
Saw Wealth and Honours shamefully
misplac'd,
Fortune's best gifts flagitiously disgrac'd:
So much he saw—he found he could
insure
The Road to Wealth, and Honours quite
secure.

The first was in his grasp, he knew old John
Was wond'rous rich, and he an only Son;—
And for the next, he could, some how, or other,
Arrange that too, with aid of his good Mother.

The Plan now laid, he open'd his approach,
'Mother,' says he 'you ought to keep a Coach.
'In that, dear Mother, I should feel a pride.'
(Johnny well knew his Mother's weakest side.)
'See Lady Jane Tobacco's gay Parade—
'She drives about, tho' her good Man's in Trade.'
'Ah! my dear John, all this is very true,—
'But how to manage it? what must I do?'

'O! as to that, I 'll put it in a Train;
'You know, dear Mother, Dad 's a little vain:
'So now between ourselves I will disclose
'A famous scheme, which I have to propose:
'Old Dad is rich enough, as you can tell—
'He first must be, a Banker in Pall Mall;
'And having once, dear Mother, fixed him there,
'We 'll have a Mansion in St. James's Square;—
'Then at the Ministers old Dad shall set,
'To make a Lord of him, or Baronet:
'Then Lady *Newcome's* Equipage so neat,
'With two smart Footmen rattling in the Street;
'And with your Routs, your grandeur to evince,
'Have half a score of Lords, and perhaps a Prince.

'What, tho' the great may exercise their wit,
'Themselves are Scions from some honest Cit!
'Then here again am I, whom no one knows,
'A Grocer's Son, among our City Beaux.
'I in the Wars who have obtained some credit.'
'It shall be done, dear John, and I have said it.'

John's picture he so artfully had drest,
Ambition's flame now kindled in her breast.
It is an apt old adage, known of course,
'The Grey Mare often proves the better Horse.'

Her end she gain'd; but how, I 'm not to
name,
For many thrifty Wives have done the
same.
True to her text, the prudent Dame was
right,
Our honest Grocer soon was dubb'd a
Knight;
Soon in the West, establish'd in his
Bank,
Strutted a man of Consequence and Rank.
My Lady too, which is not vastly rare,
She had her Mansion in St. James's
Square.
Now Cards of invitation flew about,
Sir John's gay Dinners, and my Lady's
Rout.
The Fashionable World would not decline
To touch her Guineas, and to drink his
Wine.

But all in vain, the odious Regulation
That fix'd the time of service to each Station,
His object check'd; altho' in his behest
Sir John push'd forward all his interest.
All would not do, nor interest, nor wealth,
Nor all the wily stratagem of stealth,
(Altho' no doubt there was much deep finesse
By some employed, unknown to his Highness),
Could move the Duke, who, to his applause,
Would not infringe the Military Laws:
'If Captain *Newcome*'s ardour and his zeal
'Panted for Honour, or his Country's weal,
'The Road to all was evident and plain.'
'Why then,' says John, 'I 'll to the Wars again.

'And so, dear Dad, go speak in my behalf,
'A word from you will get me on the Staff.'
Sir John was proud to see his boy high-mettled,
So made his Bow, and every thing was settled.
'Go then, my Son, rejoin that valiant Host,
'Led by Old England's pride, and Erin's boast;
'For him does every heart's best wishes flow,
'Who taught the Allies how to beat the Foe.'

Now once more Johnny greets the Azure Main,
Four gallant Chargers flourish in his Train;

Thus in gay Circles lavishly they sport,
And Lady *Newcome*'s introduced at Court.

John's turn now came to enter on the Stage;
And *Mr. Newcome* now was all the Rage.
John had perceived how much on wealth depends;
He was surrounded by an Host of Friends:
His lively skiff on Fashion's surface floated,
'Twas but to ask, and Johnny was promoted.
His Game in hand, so well he play'd his Cards,
Renounc'd the Line, and glitter'd in the Guards;
In fashion's sportive ring set all agoing—
Deep at Newmarket, and at Brookes's knowing.

In love affairs John managed well his part,
He had a golden rule to reach the heart.
In the gay vortex now you see him dash,
Lively, and volatile, but far from rash;
Where dissipation led was always ready,
But to his interest firm, and ever steady.
Panting to shine in Military fame,
For valourous Enterprize to get a Name,
He with this feeling mingled with the bevy,
And paid his humble duty at the Levee:
He knew full well the miserable chance
Subs in the Line had ever to advance;
He had strong claims to urge in his behalf,
A Guardsman was a Passport to the Staff.
A Captain now, he look'd for Higher Rank,
And knew th' influence of his Father's Bank.

Patriots, no doubt a useful appellation,
A treacherous Figure to mislead a Nation,—
My Lord, Sir John, a Commoner, his Grace,
Are flaming Patriots—if out of Place;
No doubt 'tis useful in some way, or other,
And serves one wily Rogue to oust his Brother.
Sir John and Lady *Newcome* now agree
He should attend his Son down to the Sea.
Sir John had mighty matters to relate
About their present, and their future state;
Much to consult about, much to advise—
Sir John had suddenly grown wond'rous wise;
And Lady *Newcome*'s fashionable friends,
For her dear Johnny's absence made amends.

Now in a Chaise and Four they onwards travell'd,
When thus Sir John his sentiments unravell'd:
'D' ye see, my Son, as it has been my fate
'To be a Knight, and Member of the State—
'I 'm rich enough, no doubt, all that is true,
'But then the Minister—he knows who 's who.
'Financial knowledge I 'll not yield to Necker—
'Full well they know my value at th' Exchequer.
'And you, my Son, I mean when next we meet,
'Shall at St. Stephen's Chapel take a Seat.
'In the mean time, dear John, it would be wise
'That you in every thing should scrutinize;

'Transmit your observations in a Note—
'They may be useful by and bye, to quote;
'At present 'tis our plan, you will agree—
'All's right and proper, we no fault must see:
'But, should a change take place, our Party out,
'We then shall see most diff'rently, no doubt.
'Let nothing, John, your observation pass,
'Purveyors, Commissaries, all that Class;
'As for the Staff, there's nothing now to blame,
'The Duke's wise measures have cut up that Game.[1]

[1] At the close of the American War, such a number of Officers retired so astonishingly enriched, that it is imagined it excited the jealousy of Government. Hence enquiries and investigations were made: means were taken to put a stop to such iniquitous practices; and His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, has

'In former Wars we heard of Depredation,
'A sort of Military Peculation,
'But now, indeed, 'tis quite a diff'rent story,
'They nought pursue but Honour, Fame, and Glory.
'And as in Arms Old England's proudly grown,
'The Honour, Fame, and Glory's all their own.'

To this address John deep attention paid;
There was much policy in what he said:

since taken measures to put an effectual termination to such disgraceful conduct.

I speak from authority when I assert, that when the Peace of 1783 took place, one Military Officer retired to his own Country (a Sister Kingdom) with the enormous Sum of £190,000, when the income arising from his Regimental Commission, together with his Staff situation, could not have been equal to £1000 a-year. He was seven years on service in America.

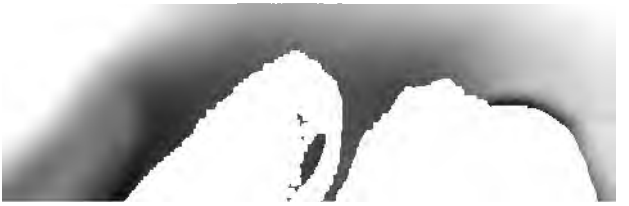
For the advice, his gratitude exprest,
And in his mind he treasur'd up the rest.
Thus mutually on future prospects counting,
They Portsmouth reach, and rattle to the Fountain.
A Chaise and Four creates a famous bustle—
Landlords and Waiters 'gainst each other hustle.
Obsequiously the Landlord bows the way—
Expensive work, for every Bow you pay.[1]
But more of that anon—all things arrang'd,
The Dinner order'd, and apparel chang'd.
John said, 'Dear Dad, we first must pay our Court
'To the great Naval Chieftain of the Port';

[1] It is certainly a gross imposition on the Public, but falls particularly heavy on the Naval and Military departments.

And slily whispering, 'It is my drift
'On board a Man-of-War to get a lift.'
'You must, my Boy; I fancy there are few come
'With so much wealth and power as Sir John *Newcome*.'
The Admiral was civil and polite,
And courteously receiv'd the worthy Knight.
The Card announc'd his dignity full well,
'Twas Sir John *Newcome*, Knight, M.P., Pall Mall.
The Admiral grew sociable and free,
And very much increas'd his courtesy.
'My Son, a Captain of the Guards, intends
'Once more in Portugal to see his Friends:
'I would not suffer him to take this trip,
'You know, dear Admiral, in a common Ship.'

'Oh, by no means, Sir John, I 'm pleased,
I own;
'A Frigate soon will sail; 'tis the Pomone.
'Your Son on board can go when he has
leisure,
'Carteret[1] I 'm sure 'll receive him with
great pleasure;
'He 'll find in him, you safely may depend,
'A thorough Seaman, Gentleman, and
Friend.'
Sir John express'd his hopes some future
Day
He might his kind civility repay.
Should the good Admiral to Town repair,
He hoped to see him in St. James's Square;
Or should he some small object have in
hand,
His little interest was at his Command.

[1] The Officer whose gallantry took a praam in Boulogne Harbour, in sight of Buonaparte.



The time now pass'd in viewing every
Sight,
The Dock-yards, Ramparts, and the Isle
of Wight.
Our Knight, to help his memory, now
wrote
His observations down, by way of Note.
The Lines, and Ramparts his attention
takes,
The muddy Ditches, and the slimy
Lakes.
Note[1]—'Guineas I 'm sure were here
made Ducks and Drakes.'
Then o'er the Dock-yard eagerly he pores,
Surveys around the Barrels, Masts, and
Stores.

[1] We have seen M——rs of P——t driving to places, and scrutinizing into matters that did not concern them; when, had they turned their active powers to the circumstances above mentioned, they at least would have obtained more credit, and perhaps not have subjected themselves to a disgraceful defeat and general contempt.

The Anchors, Rope-house, and the Piles
of Staves;
Note—'I 'm sure these Fellows are a pack
of Knaves.
'Sad Peculation here midst great and
small,
'There's waste of Hemp enough to hang
them all.'
The Shoals of Vessels too, that lay in
Ordinary,
Our honest Knight considered most
extraordinary.
While of our Ships, the French did
Prizes make,
And at our Harbours' mouth our Vessels
take.
Note—'Something here was very much
amiss;
'And were they not our *Friends*, should
swing for this.'

Not at this time a word he meant to say,
But snugly kept it for some future Day.

While Dad was gravely making each remark,
John saw his Nags and Baggage safe embark;
Saw the dexterity with which they whip
The horse with Tackle safely in the Ship.
So firmly managed, yet with so much care,
Rais'd from the ground, suspended in the air,
The astonish'd Animal without a check
Is gently lower'd till he gains the Deck.
John found the Knight, whose head now chiefly run
On the sad way the Nation's work was done;

When having Dined, and o'er the social Glass,
He said—'Dear Boy, strange things may come to pass,
'' 'Tis right, as now our Party has the sway,
' All must be right they do, and all they say.
' But, should the Minister get his dismission,
' Our Party then will be in Opposition ;
'' 'Tis then for us to Badger, and to vex 'em—
' I 've got some ticklers here, that will perplex 'em.
' Interest now tells us it would be absurd
' Of these vile Rogueries, to say a word,
' But if they oust us, then without a doubt
' Our bounden Duty is to tell it out ;

'For should my Friends so shamefully
be treated,
'I'll let the Nation know how it is
cheated.'
Next morn a Midshipman by times
brought word
That Captain *Newcome* must repair on
Board;
The Captain's compliments, to let him
know
The Wind was fair, the Ship to Sea must
go.
The Knight his Son saw ready to depart,
Affectionately press'd him to his heart:
'Adieu! dear Johnny! I shall be in pain
'Until I see you safe return again;
'Adieu! dear Son! my happiness enfold
you,
'But pray remember all that I have told
you:

'Write to me, John, whenever you are able,
'Disguise your meaning, wrap it up in Fable.[1]
'You understand me, John'—then squeez'd his hand;
John in the Boat was quickly row'd from Land—
Soon reach'd the Frigate, which without delay
Her Topsails haul'd, and gently bore away.

And now our Knight with solitary pace
Did to the Fountain Inn his way retrace;

[1] It has been whispered, that strange means were resorted to in order to get at the opinions of men in high rank, respecting the operations on the Peninsula. I own I do not credit the malicious story, but, as Sir John was conversant in state politics, I must leave him to form his own conjectures, and his directing his son to write typically might be defended.

Tired of himself, he there express'd his will—

'To have his Chaise and Four, and have his Bill.'

The bill produced; 'What's this I see? why Zounds!

'For three days' living, six and fifty pounds![1]

'Myself, and Son, two Servants, and no more—

'A Bill like this I never saw before.'

'Twas true, Sir John, but *meat*, Sir John, was dear;

'It was, Sir John, a bad time of the Year.'

'Aye, aye, 'tis plain, egad! I see it now,

'You charge D——d dear, my friend, for every Bow.'

[1] A *true* Bill.

In Carriage seated—paid; but swore he meant
'To lay the Bill before the Parliament.'
To London went Post-haste, with thoughtful cares,
Now of his Son, and now on State Affairs.

Brisk was the Gale, with clear, uncloudy Weather;
Brisk was John's heart, for he was in high Feather.
His rising Prospects, as he looked around—
What limits now could his Ambition bound?
In Fortune, Fashion, Rank, conspicuous shone,
From Eastern Hemisphere, a Rising Sun.[1]

[1] Many 'wise Men have come from the East,' of late Years.

At Starting Posts, with Note-book, took
his stand,
Or, midst the gaping throng, drove Four
in hand—
He'd gamed with Princes, drank with
Duke and Peer,
Was foremost in the Field in Leicester-
shire.
All this, 'tis true, conspired to give a claim,
A *Newcome* Title to notorious Fame;
And was, no doubt, most grateful to his
Vanity—
Still 'twas a Trifling, Tonish, Tincture of
Insanity.
Ardent he longed with gallant Hosts to
Muster,
And by Achievement gain a Warlike lustre.
He wish'd 'mongst Heroes to be rank'd
and known,
An Emanation from himself alone.

Alert and active, stretched is every
Sail,
To catch the impulse from the ready
Gale;
The Frigate glides with smooth and
steady sweep
O'er the wide surface of th' unfathomed
Deep.
In elegance and ease they pass'd each
Day,
The willing Breeze impell'd them on
their Way.

The Rock of Lisbon, towering in
height—
St. Julian's Castle open'd to their Sight.
With press of Sail the Tagus now
explore,
And Johnny greets the Lusitanian Shore.

His thanks return'd for this most pleasant
Trip,
With glowing spirits soon he left the Ship.

With all the Guardsman's Nonchalance
and Grace,
First to the Envoy's he directs his pace.
A kind reception he should meet he knew,
A Guardsman's Costume is, a *passe par tout.*
Besides from People in the highest
Station
He'd Letters too of strongest commenda-
tion.

The Envoy[1] was a Man of shrewd dis-
cerning,
A Man of Wit, of Fashion, and of Learn-
ing;

[1] The Right Honourable Sir Charles Stuart, K.B., &c. &c.

Perused the Letters, said, in Friendly way,
'You 'll make my House your home, Sir, while you stay;
'For you must know this Casa where I dwell,
Is by the Quizzers called, the Guards' Hotel.'
Our Hero thanked him for the Friendly offer—
It was a pleasing and a flattering proffer.

Sir Charles possessed, with elegance and ease,
The power of pleasing, and the will to please.
Our John was pleas'd—such offers don't offend,
A sumptuous Table, with a lively Friend.

All this arranged, John thought it right he now
Should on the General[1] wait, and make his Bow;
A Guardsman too, and strictly to his tether,
Adhered to the Old adage, 'Birds of a Feather,'
John, as a Guardsman soon had his *entré*,
Greeted, and closeted without delay.
For Men in power great etiquette observe
(A necessary caution, and reserve),
Not that I would insinuate that here
There was more exercised than should appear.

The General was obliging, courteous, kind,
A Man of much urbanity of Mind;

[1] Major-General Peacocke, of the Guards.

But, Guardsman like, as I have said before,
Felt, as a Guardsman, the *Esprit du corps.*

One observation I must introduce
By way of hint, it perhaps may be of use;
A grateful system by the Duke[1] observ'd,
That he who first arrives, the first is serv'd.

[1] The custom was introduced by H.R.H. the Duke of York, and is as follows: if any Officer, no matter the Rank he may hold, is desirous to pay a dutiful respect to the Commander of the Forces, or may have business to transact with His Royal Highness, he is directed to repair to the Horse-Guards at an early hour, on the day appointed for the Levee, and write down his Name and Rank in a list presented to him. He is then told at what hour the Duke commences his Levee, and according to the situation of the Signatures on the list, he is introduced.

A similar system is observed at the Offices of the Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General.

An honour to his head and heart eternal,
The Ensign's often seen before the Colonel.
I 'm warranted in this my Postulatum,
For it, by general sanction, *est Probatum.*

John seated, now did Anecdotes relate
Of Fashion, Gallantry, and of the Great;
Who lost at Boodles—who supposed the winner—
The Whispers, Bagatelles, at the Guard Dinner;
In Fashionable life, who went astray—
Whose Daughter slipped—whose Wife had ran away;
Who was the reigning beauty—who the Toast—
Who at a certain House now ruled the Roast;

Whose gay Barouche was sporting in the Park—
What was become of W——l and Ma'am C——k;
What Wolf in patriot clothing went disguis'd—
What Machinations 'gainst the State devis'd;
Who of our Army systems made a Route—
Who talked of Things, which they knew nought about.

The General listen'd, and enjoy'd the jokes
(He'd herded too with Fashionable Folks);
Shook Johnny by the hand, express'd his sorrow
'He was engaged to-day, but hoped to-morrow

'The Captain would at half-past five repair
'To meet some Friends, and take his homely Fare.'

'Twas late, but Johnny nicked it to a T,
The Envoy's dinner hour was half-past Three.
John heartily enjoy'd the good Repast,
And Bumpers fill'd when e'er the Bottle pass'd.
At Envoys' Tables, and some others, I think
They give full time to Eat, but not to Drink.
I know not that to Wine they have a loathing,
Perhaps 'tis a custom, something like their Clothing:

For I 've observ'd at all their Routes and Balls
Legation Gentry put on Reg'mentals.[1]

At early hour our Envoy did insist
Our noble Captain should cut in at Whist
Before he went to bed—he rose a Winner;
Then with the General next day took his Dinner.
By times in Morn, again he travell'd down
To Belem, purposely to call on B——n.

[1] I am afraid I expose my ignorance in making this remark; but, as I observed, those Gentlemen were not all dressed in the same kind of Uniform: (for instance, one in the Uniform of the Guards; another in the Uniform of some Militia Corps; a third, in the Uniform of a Light Regiment; but all with two blazing Epaulettes) I must own I was puzzled in endeavouring to account for this Masquerading.

No change had driven from his grateful
Mind
The former conduct—gentle, mild, and
kind;
Nor Wealth, nor Grandeur could his
heart controul,
His was the impulse of an honest soul.
'Feeling!' could Johnny now expose that
vulgar passion,
'Exploded, obsolete, so out of Fashion':
But Johnny was not spoiled in that parti-
cular,
Old Friends to meet erect, and Perpen-
dicular;
So flew with rapture to the Barrack-yard,
To seek his former Chum, kind-hearted
Ward.
His hand thrust out, when his Friend he
espies,
Withhonest pleasure sparkling in his Eyes.

'How are you, Ward? by Jove, I 'm glad
to meet you;
'Give me your Fist — I with much
pleasure greet you.
'How fat you 're grown! I say, you lively
Varlet,
'You 're still a stickler for the bit of
Scarlet.
'I 'll tell you what it is, you D——d old
Sinner,
'I purposely came down to Storm your
Dinner—
'Parade your Beef, my Boy, and don't be
fine.
'I say, Friend Ward, how stands your
stock of Wine?'
Then whispered in his Ear, of Men in
power;
Dinners D——d fine, but Wine for half
an Hour.

Ward was delighted, charm'd, and gratified,
To find Friend John, without a spark of pride;
He thought his former Friends would off be thrown,
When, for the Guards, he 'd quitted the King's Own.

'And I,' said Ward, 'dear *Newcome*, for my part,
'Am glad to see you back, with all my heart.
'But come along—I do not boast variety,
'The poorest fare 's a Feast with good Society.
'We will reverse the thing, for at my Treat,
'We'll drink like Fishes, tho' no Fish to eat.

'Tis thus we Soldiers live, it can't be worse,
Always on Beef, and with an empty Purse.'
'Of honest Beef,' says John, 'pray don't speak slighting;
'Tis thought, you know, our stimulant to Fighting:
'Its loss to Britons is the worst of Evils—
'Give them but Beef enough, they 'll fight like Devils.
'But this I know,' says John, 'at our great Battle
'Our Commissaries really had no Cattle;
'And though our Lads had scarcely aught to Eat,
'The Enemy in famous style they Beat.'

An Officer observed, 'Now where's the wonder?

'The hardy Vagabonds, smelt out the Plunder:

'I've seen the Rogues dash to the very Muzzle,

'But all for Plunder, all to get a Guzzle.'

'Come, come,' says John, 'now that a mere pretence is,

'Tho' drunk the Foe, we Fight in sober senses.

'For if a Drunkard Fights, they can't do less to him—

'First beat him, then get Drunk, Drinking success to him.'[1]

[1] This has happened in a variety of instances; but particularly at the storming of St. Sebastian, where our Soldiers were seen arm in arm, Drunk, with the French Soldiers, and actually tumbling over the Bodies of their dead Companions.

The Commandant now took up the debate:

'Our Troops no doubt at first were in sad state;

'All Ranks and all Departments were the same;

'The Chief harsh censures was obliged to frame:

'Reduced by Discipline, not now so Fiery,

'Our Book of Orders is a Newgate Diary.

'The way I estimate a British Soldier—

'He's stouter than a Frenchman, and is bolder;

'But such a set of wanton idle Knaves![1]

'You're forced, by G—d! to treat them all like Slaves.

[1] This is a melancholy truth. The immorality of the British Soldier is disgusting, and it is only by strict attention and severe discipline it is at all kept within bounds.

'It shocks one's nature, outrages one's feeling,
'Compell'd to use such rough and rigorous dealing.'

'Idle,' says one, 'see them on out-post planted,
'A cold and frosty Night, and firing wanted;
'Tho' merely for their comfort and their good,
'No man will Volunteer to fetch in wood.[1]
'Orders I 've given, and very often Rum for 't—
'You 're forced to coax them, to consult their comfort.

[1] The astonishing difficulties against which Lord Wellington had to struggle, from the disorganized state of his Army, may, in some respect, be understood by reverting to his Lordship's General Orders. Three volumes are filled with recapitulations of General Courts-Martial.

'Look at the French; those active lively Elves
'Are always Devilish careful of themselves.
'John Bull will Fight, and take their Post by Storm,
'Then coolly round their Fires have a warm.'

The Toast went round, & then with brimmers flowing,
The Guests were getting wiser, and more knowing.
'Here come, my friends,' says Ward, 'each take your Potion,
'Here's to a speedy and a quick Promotion!'
'Aye,' says another, 'that's all mere derision;

'Promotion's one thing—give me the provision,

'What signifies the Rank; with truth I say,

'Some Generals have but half a pound a Day[1];—

'High Rank no doubt is merely but a Cheat,

'Unless with it we something get to eat.

'Men who have interest rise, there is no doubt;

'The Rich get all—the poor Man goes without.'

'Merit,' says B—n, 'it is my fixed belief,

'Leads merely to Promotion with our Chief.

[1] The handsome addition of Pay to General Officers is highly creditable to those who originally were the promoters of so well-timed a remuneration.

'Some instances, I candidly must own,
'That don't originate with Him alone.
'Others are oft indulged to recommend
'(A small convenience to serve a Friend);
'And when for folly, interest makes a Push,
'The Chief assents, no doubt, but with a Blush.'

'Ah, well! some rise, we know, without *Achievance*.[1]
'You know, Friend B—n, we've every one our Grievance.

[1] I am but a poor Poet, and if I have taken the advantage in the invention of the word *achievance* in this instance, I hope I may be excused, as we have instances of the richest Poets having done the same.

In respect to the term Grievance, I conceive it does not require explanation in our Military classes.

'Come, push about the Glass, and drown
Hostilities—
'Men who have interest rise, D—n their
Abilities.'

'True, honest Ward,' says John; 'I'm
one I know it:
'Give us a Song, my Boy! a good one—
go it!'

Now Song and Glass, and Glee alternate
roll,
Reason now left it to the flow of Soul.
At length, good Night! and John got in
his Chaise;
He'd not forgot the Feast of former
Days.
The Fleet arriv'd, his Equipage on Shore,
As John considered purchasing a Bore.

His Groom four Mules had bought, for he
was heedful,
With all the Tackle, every thing was
needful.
John took his leave, with all things in
good plight,
Dashed with his Suite, for Santarem that
Night.

END OF PART I. OF SEQUEL

Dash'd with his Suite for Santarem that Night

SEQUEL

TO THE

MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II

SEQUEL

TO THE

MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II

JOHN lost no time, saw Guarda, and
Almeida,
Then rattled 'cross the Mountains to
Freinada;
In haste repaired to the great Chieftain's
Hall,
To give his Letters, and to make his Call.
John enter'd in, and in that temper found
him,
Diffusing ease and pleasure all around him.

'Your ardour, *Newcome*, much deserves requiting,
'To leave St. James's Square and share our Fighting.
'Here, Aylmer! in next Orders let there be
'*Newcome*'s appointment, extra A.D.C.
'Well, what's the fancy now, and what's the Hoax?
'Our list of broken heads may please the Folks?
'If we 're successful, then 'tis mighty well;
'If not—by God! they send us all to Hell.'[1]

'Why, true, my Lord!' says John, 'it is well known
'That any small reverse will cast them down;

[1] The thermometer of Mr. John Bull's spirits is so delicately compounded, that the smallest variation in the political atmosphere raises, or depresses, to a point verging on Insanity.

'But by success crown'd, our City Stumpers
'Will, with their Venison, swallow us in Bumpers.
'To talk of War, and Blood, no doubt is fine
'In a whole Skin—and that Skin full of Wine.'

'Why don't they hand us out their Goods & Chattles?
'We should with much more pleasure Fight their Battles.
'But, as it is, I trust the next Campaign
'I shall drive all the Rascals out of Spain.
Newcome, remember you're attached to me:
'Good Morning now—you'll find your way at Three.'

Thus spoke the Noble Chief; in whom combin'd
A sportive fancy, an immortal Mind—
Who Pomp repell'd, and Pageantry of Show,
And scorn'd the Homage, which from thence did flow;
Simply attir'd, he sought th' embattled Plain,
No studied Splendour, no refulgent Fame,
Could add one Bud of Laurel to his Name.

This was an Honour rather unexpected,
And John's acknowledgments were not neglected.
Congratulations flowed from all around—
Such follows favour, whensoe'er it's found.

Johnny on Duty with his Chief.

What ever Way he did his Footsteps bend,
Johnny was sure to meet a hearty Friend.
I'm High in Luck, such Friendships do accrue me—
'But when I was Sub, why no one knew me.'
For John full well knew where the secret lay—
Those were the Friendships of a Prosperous Day.

Prosperity, like Poverty, you'll find.
Holds a strange influence o'er the Human Mind.
On Memory's[1] Compass are so adverse set,
Remember, and, Remember to forget.

[1] I have, in former days, I confess, been rather puzzled to account for a sort of tergiversation in the memory of many young men. I was foolish enough to expect that high-titled Honourables were of similar opinions, in respect to intimacies and friendships, in common with

John knew his Friends, & at what price
he bought 'em,
So nods, and How d' ye's, gave to all that
sought 'em.

Now smiling Spring (such are Poetic
Styles)
Saluted John with her effulgent Smiles:

other folks; but, to my astonishment and disgust, I then found, as I have frequently since experienced, that the man who could bend in the country to a sociable intimacy —changing his ground, changed his deportment; that the men with whom I have in the country domesticated —have been admitted to a very familiar intimacy, when I met them in Town seemed to have totally lost sight of me, and returned my salute with a careless insolence, if they condescended to return it at all; this appeared to me ridiculously capricious, unaccountably foolish. At length an old Friend told me it was the way of the world, and that there was a wonderful difference between the Companions in the Country, and the associate in London. Now I do think this is a fair hint to all *Johnny Newcomes*, a warning to make up their minds, that, however my Lord or Sir Toby may condescend to an Intimacy in the Country (which, perhaps, may arise from a selfish principle in these Honourable Worthies) they must expect the Cut direct in Town.

This led him to commence his Operations,
To make, as Dad advised, his Observations.
Though for an A. D. C. the Chief did take him,
Neither his sense, or judgment did forsake him.[1]
When his Bucephœlus he got astride
'Twas for more purposes than merely ride;
Something picks up, which ever way he Steers,
Making a proper use of Eyes, and Ears.

Some Men have Eyes, and Ears, and yet you find
They merely see the Day, and hear the Wind;

[1] Another instance of effect on Memory: how many young Men have we seen in such situations, who have acted like the veriest Simpleton, and by their arrogance, and presumption have excited the contempt of their Equals.

But ask them, and 'tis plain they do not know
What causes Light of Day, or Wind to Blow.

John was a famous Horseman, and oft went
With various Orders, by the Chieftain sent;
Eager, and bold, he round the Country rode,
True cut of Leicestershire, and Cattle good.
At various times, with various Parties mixt,
On different Objects his attention fixt;
Saw all the Stations in his varying Courses,
The Quarters, and Cantonments of the Forces;

Artillery, Hospitals, Forage-yards, and Stores,
Cavalry, Infantry, Light Troops, Caçadores;
Made it his Business, took much pains and care
To ascertain the State in which each were:
Dined with the Great, and mingled with their Minions,
Treasur'd their observations, and opinions.

As in the World those know each other best
Where much familiarity 's the Test,
A shallow Rogue may secret up a Comment,
Or free expression of unguarded Moment;
But urged by vanity, he can't be Mute,
And blabs to shew he 's Clever and Acute.

Then wiser Folks, with very little Pains,
Will undermine his Head, and pick his Brains.

John angled well, and to his fullest Wish,
Lured with the small, and took the largest Fish:
Nor slacked his search, nor object did forget,
'Till with rich Stores he'd fairly fill'd his Net.

Sir John had often made a resolution,
To speechify about the Constitution.
He with the Livery stood in some repute,
'That there's,' 'as how's,' 'd' ye see's,' did just them suit.
And then each day in Speech he bolder grew,
And 'midst their Broils, shoved in a word, or two.

But in the House, when he to speak arose,
And would the labours of his mind disclose,
When all was silent, every Muzzle Mum—
He could not make a Speech—who made a Plum.

But Johnny's turn had kindled fresh his hopes,
He 'd now in Figures flourish, and in Tropes.
This secret in his heart he 'd closely pent;
This it was led him wholly to consent,
When John express'd his ardent wish again
To join Lord Wellington the next Campaign;
This led him all his influence to use,
That John might go, to send him Home the News;

This led to giving John his strict directions
About his Scrutinizing and Inspections;
To bid him earnestly take special care
To see the Troops, and write him what they were:
Meaning on this to make a grand Oration,
Both to astonish, and amaze the Nation.
His adverse system too had not forgot—
His Speech should hit like double-headed Shot.

If seated snugly on the Treasury Bench,
'This mighty Force,' yet did his friends *Retrench*;
But if on t' other side he took his Post,
'This mighty Force,' *th' enormous sums it Cost.*
He culled high-sounding words too, for th' occasion,
Material, Bivouac, Demoralization.

Yet poor Sir John, tho' much he'd heard,
and read,
Felt still aware how treacherous was his
Head;
Tho' yet he laboured like a Brewer's
Dray-Horse,
'Twas but to Bother, and increase the Chaos.
Tho' battled hard some fixt idea to gain,
No, not one particle would ere remain.

A sudden brilliant thought, just then
occurred,
Which to accomplish he'd not be de-
terred.
Then anxious on this darling object bent,
Purchased a Seat for John in Parliament.
Thus reinforc'd, he'd take up his
Position—
Johnny could give him Stores of
Ammunition,

And if deserted by his treacherous Mind,
Johnny might snugly prompt him from behind.

Our Knight now with redundancy of Joy
His thoughts communicated to his Boy,
In haste indites a Letter to Sir John,
Explaining every thing he would have done;
Hoped with his aid, his object he 'd complete—
Wished him all happiness in his new Seat.
' Write, my dear John, as often as you can,
' But as we 're circumstanced, pursue this Plan,—
' The prying Folks my object now to pose is,
' So frame your Letter in a metamorphosis.

'One Letter you can straight direct to me—

'Another send to Ludgate, as the Key.

'That by this means we shall our secret smother,

'One can't be understood, without the other.'

'Twas odd enough that Johnny in his mind

Was working at a plan of similar kind.

Dad's welcome News his spirits did elate,

That he was now a Member of the State.

New hopes were busy in his sanguine breast,

Perhaps by th' Speaker he might be addrest.

Should he by chance some Gallant deed Achieve,

He might th' Honourable Speaker's thanks receive.

'Twas usual that, when Heroes took their Seat,
A flowery flow of grateful thanks to meet.
Whate'er John thought, he'd not point out a Flaw,
The Speaker surely'd not offend the Law.
His praise, so general, savour'd of Insanity,
Tho' often just—it flatter'd each one's Vanity.
Now in true earnest set about his Task,
Followed old Dad's advice and took the Mask.
He knew in Martial Life that Truth no jest is,
Their Courts of Honour were their Courts of Justice.
He would, if possible, the Truth relate,
Devoid of malice, naught extenuate.

Dad would his secret keep, he could depend;
As for himself, he meant not to offend:
But should perchance his secret be let out,
'Twas a mere Bagatelle to laugh about.
Should he in Metaphoric style transpose
Men into Beasts, or Parsons into Crows—
Those who could be displeased he should disarm,
His was mere trifling, really meant no harm;
If, tho' in his delineation free,
It would be seen, 'twas mere necessity.

At length his ardent object to pursue,
A Schedule of his means he briefly drew,
All that had come within his observation,
And thus proceeded on with his Narration.

'By way of Introduction, you must know,
'It was, I think, but a few Years ago
'The Widow's[1] intellects here were at a stand;
'Her Son then took to Farming of the Land.
'If there's bad management, it always shows,
''Twas out of Heart, and overrun with Crows.[2]
'Such a D——n'd flight of Crows did shocking harm—
'A few, we know, are useful to a Farm.
'The Squire,[3] 'tis said, did naught but Eat, & Pray,

[1] Her Majesty of Portugal having, unfortunately, a great debility of mind, her Son assum'd the Government as Regent.

[2] Priests of every description. The Regent evinced his predilection for those Gentry, in having, it is said, 30,000 who lived on the fat of the Land.

[3] People are mighty apt to judge with extreme severity on the conduct of Kings and Princes, &c. &c.; and it

'Fearing his precious Soul might go
astray.
'The Farm tho' bad, and in such piteous
case,
'Was situated in a lovely Place.
'The Air was charming, and the Soil was
sound—

generally happens that Men, who indulge themselves in the practices of Vice, are very liberal in the abuse of their Superiors in Rank and Fortune that shew a similar disposition, totally forgetting that themselves have been accustomed, in the course of Education, and in their commerce with the World, to the sound of wholesome Truths.

In former days a very useful and entertaining Personage was always an Appendage to the Pageantry of Courts, and in great Families—(yclept) a Fool: thro' this lively Oracle, Truth reached the ears of the Great: but this wise custom has fallen into disuse, and unfortunately the familiars of the Great are now frequently composed of Naturals.

If those in Rank and Dignity enjoyed the advantages in common with the Mass of Mankind, and should then give themselves up to excesses, censure might be just, if that censure came from *clean hands*. But with the disadvantages they labour under from the earliest Age, the harsh animadversions on their conduct are Indecent, Malicious, and Uncharitable.

'No wonder Neighbours hanker'd for the Ground.

'So Foreign[1] Ants, and Locusts left their Station,

'With other Vermin from a distant Nation,

'Advanced in Hosts, and soon without controul,

'With little trouble occupied the whole.

'Fled to a Ship, the Squire the Canvas fills,

'To see a Farm he had at the Brazils:

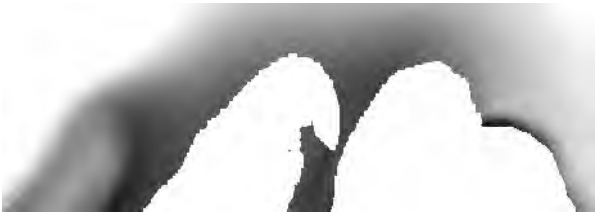
'But he, before he boldly ventured forth,

'Wrote to his Friend, a Farmer[2] in the North;

'Trusting he would without delay determine

'To send some clever Chap to kill the Vermin:

[1] The French Army.
[2] Our most gracious Sovereign.



'When that was done, he should return again,
'And so his loving Cousin did remain.'
'The honest Man to whom he sent his Letter,
'A wealthy Farmer was, none could be better;
'He'd famous Implements, and famous Stock,[1]
'And truly was a Father to his Flock.
'His Shepherds,[2] Salesmen, Butchers, and his Stud,
'Were all well chosen, capitally good:
'His Stock[3] at times with wild vagaries tired him,
'But in their hearts they honour'd and admir'd him;

[1] Fleets and Armies.
[2] Generals, Commissaries, Medical Staff, Cavalry.
[3] Subjects.

'One here and there would not from mischief keep—

'You find in every Flock, a few bad Sheep.

'This Letter[1] gave the Farmer much alarm—

''Twas like enough they might infest his Farm.

'He'd send a Shepherd, who with little labour,

'Should clear the Lands of his poor frighten'd neighbour.

'So sent a Stock best suited for the Soil,

'Led by a Shepherd[2] from a Neighbouring Isle;

'Who wisely at the first a footing got,

[1] It was supposed the intention of Buonaparte, after having subjugated the Peninsula, was to have invaded England and Ireland.

[2] Sir A. Wellesley was sent to Portugal with a small force.

'Then drove the Vermin from around
that Spot;[1]
'Would, as 'tis said, completed soon the
job,—
'Spite, like a Thief, did from his Laurels
rob.
'Two elder Shepherds[2] came—and what
was hard,
'With their D——n'd nonsense all his
projects mar'd.
'If they were sent his active powers to
fetter,
'Of those who did it, less that's said the
better.
'Ere since that time he's toil'd both
Night and Day,
And from this Farm the Vermin clear'd
away.

[1] Vide the Battle of Vimiera.
[2] Sir H——y B——d and Sir H——w D——e.

'Pre-eminently now he stands alone,
'Lov'd, and obey'd by all as Chief Patrone;
'In manners easy, wonderful in Mind,
'Jocose, familiar with the humblest Hind.[1]
'But that's so wisely temper'd, so superior,
'Commanding due respect from each Inferior.

'His Shepherds[2] tho' have caused him much anxiety,
'Such numbers sent from Home, and such variety;
'Some from all Countries, German, Irish, British—
'Some staid enough, but many Cursed skittish:

[1] Officers.
[2] Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals.

'Many from Envy — rancorous, and jealous,
'Esteem'd themselves most mighty clever Fellows,
'Would mar the Scheme that he'd so ably planned,
'Had he not held them with a steady Hand.
'Some swore he always studied to insult them,
'There peep'd the Cloven foot—he'd not consult them.
'He wisely judged, and smiled at the attack—
He knew the whole concern was on his Back:
'Had things gone wrong, he knew so well their trim,
'Done what he would, they'd shoved the Blame on Him.

'Lots of Young Shepherds came, and it a fact is,
'Some Prudence wanted, but all wanted Practice.
'So proud to tend a Flock, they 'd scorn denial,
'The Patron therefore took them all[1] on Trial:
'Kept those with him he thought most apt to learn,
'The others recommended to return.

'Now, my good Friend, 'tis thus the matter stands,
'No farmer can produce more able Hands.

[1] There is no doubt many intelligent Major-Generals came out, whose bad health would not admit their continuing in the Country, and who much regretted their inability to Serve.

'One more Patron[1] also, there will be found
'Who[2] Farms exclusively this Bit of Ground.
'Of him I cannot speak, I know him not,
'You'll get his Character from Walter Scott:
'Of his pretensions I am in the Dark,
'But Folks pronounce him a D——n'd lucky Spark.
'That wond'rous Poet's praise I can't him grudge,
'As Mr. Scott must be a better judge.

'A largish Family our Chief attends,
'Two, or three Shepherds,[3] he retains his Friends.

[1] Portugal.
[2] F——d M——l B——d.
[3] The Q——r M——r G——l.

'One that inspects the Roads, the Lands Survey,
'Marks out the Pens, for fear the Herds might Stray,
Esteem'd a much superior Fellow in his Way.

'Another[1] has the charge of his Accounts,
'Corrects the Bills, and adds up the Amounts:
'A third,[2] his Private matters does indite,—
'They're both extremely Clever, and Polite.

'Then he's a numerous Gang of Shepherd Boys,[3]

[1] The A——t G——l.
[2] The M——y S——y.
[3] The V——s d—— C—— to the Commander of the Forces on the Peninsula.

'Some go on errands, others kept as Toys.

'One Youth[1] amidst this lively Group appears,

'Victim to Miscreants in his early Years,

'Nobly came forth to act an humble part,

'T' obtain a knowledge of the Farming Art:

'Fearless encounters Danger and Disaster,

'To be the Pupil of so great a Master.

'A Youth like him to every virtue prone,

'Britannia's lovely Gem must make her own.

'Then shoals of Salesmen,[2] travelling in all Weathers,

'You know them by their Spur, long Swords, and Feathers.

[1] The P——ce of O——ge. [2] Commissaries.

'Smuggling, 'tis said, is grown to such a Pitch,
'That all these Feather'd Rogues are getting Rich.
'But Folks say any thing for the sake of chatter—
'I don't believe a word about the matter:
'If in their course of Duty, and Employment,
'A Hare pick up, by way of some enjoyment,
'That's quite enough to give the Rogues a Name—
'"See, these D——n'd Salesmen! why, they live on Game!"

'Then here 's a swarm of Butchers,[1] great and small,
'Some for the Carcase, others for the Stall.

[1] The Medical Officers.

'One Master Butcher[1] o'er the rest presides,
'And with the Patron usually resides:
'Their Journeymen, Apprentices, and Men,
'Distributed among each Flock and Pen.[2]
''Tis wisely done to have them on the Spot,
'To keep them free from Murrain, and the Rot:
'Dexterous they are, and in their judgment sound,
'To amputate a Limb, and cure a Wound.

'Our Worthy, good Patron, with grief it fills
'To send the Farmer Home their Monstrous Bills.[3]

[1] Dr. M——r.
[2] Divisions and Hospitals.
[3] Return of killed and wounded.

'Much as he likes the Chase—it does him shock
'To see so many worried of his Flock.
'In their Profession admirably skilled;
'That Arm, no doubt, could not be better filled.
'Skilful as they extract, and Bleed, and Cup,
'I hope my worthy Friends won't Cut me up.

'Our Patron too, has got a Lot of Dogs[1]
'To clear the Woods and Fences, Fields and Bogs:
'They 're chiefly Pointers, but of various sorts—
'Some Guard the Flocks, others for Field Sports.

[1] Artillery.

'They 're wond'rous docile, so well Broke, and Tame,
'Whene'er they point, they 're certain of their Game.
'Many attach'd to Herds[1]—but all have Marks,
The Deep-toned,[2] Wide-mouth'd ones are kept in Parks.
'Steady, and staunch, whene'er the Huntsman calls,
'They follow up the Game, nor heed Stone Walls.
'The Master Huntsman[3] is a Man well known
'To be in favour with the great Patron.
'And then his underlings[4] of every sort,
'Are Keen, and able Fellows for the Sport.

[1] Brigades.
[2] Great guns and mortars, &c. &c.
[3] The O——r C——g the Artillery.
[4] Artillery Officers.

'Added to these, should Flocks or Herds
run riot,
'There's Whippers-in[1] enough to keep
them quiet.

'The various Stock is parcelled with
precision,
'So many Herds are put in each Division.
'The Flocks of Sheep, & Droves of Mules
& Goats,[2]
'Distinguished are by Marks upon their
Coats.
'The Mules are in one Drove, and
altogether,
'They're chiefly Stalled, or fastened to a
Tether:
'Tho' famous Animals, it does appear
'They rather wildish ran the latter Year;

[1] Provost Marshals.
[2] Light and Heavy Cavalry.

'Their Grooms were careless, so 'tis given out,

'Or knew not, really, what they were about.

'The Mules, it seems, were after Forage lurking,

'And so, to fill their Paunch, avoided working,[1]

'I 'll only this observe, as all is past,

[1] In respect to the British Cavalry, many instances were witnessed of gallant conduct of Regiments, Squadrons, and Individuals: they are all Brave—but certainly the Officers are generally deficient in knowledge of Cavalry Tactics; and the men have not that proper regard, and affection, I may call it, for the noble animal that bears them.

A German Soldier will sell his Bread to feed his Horse —a British Soldier will sell the Corn to purchase Drink.

The German Officer, and Soldier, are superior to the British, for both Officer, and Soldier, in the German Cavalry, know their Duty, and feel a pride in it.

It is not a whimsical Uniform, or a monstrous pair of Mustachios, that make the Cavalry Officer: but there seems so much attention now-a-days paid to the external embellishment, that the interior is left to bare Walls—empty Chambers.

Even the French Cavalry boasted, 'that give them

'It was a general fault, from first to last.
'A few pick'd Shepherds[1] too, 'tis fair to Name,
'Tho' all are good, not good alike the same.

'The First[2] who stands upon our Patron's Book
'For Foreign Parts, he early Home forsook—
'Good-humoured, gay, yet one can well descry
'There 's much intelligence marked in his Eye;

English Horses, and they would drive the British Cavalry from the Field'; and there are folks who are inclined to believe them: then as for Cavalry Generals —I wish there was a School for Generals.

[1] L——t G——ls and M——r G——ls commanding divisions.

[2] Lt.-Gen. Sir R——d H——l.

'He's oft detached with largish Flocks, and Droves
'To take advantage of the neighbouring Groves:
'I have not room his qualities to tell,
'He does his business, and he does it well;
'From sturdy Stem of Shropshire he's a Limb,
'The proud Salopians may be proud of Him.

'Then there's a rich old Shepherd,[1] fra' the North,
'A braver Man ne'er stept on this side Forth.
'Tho' master of a Farm, and oldish grown,
'He slighted all to serve with our Patron;

[1] Lt.-Gen. Sir T——s G——m.

'Lively, and brisk, and, tho' good-temper'd, rough—
'Scott's praise of Him is scarcely praise enough.

'Here's too a gaudy Shepherd,[1] come from Cheshire,
'Much like the rest I think, but rather fresher.
'The little I shall say needs no apology,
'The Speaker has, I know, pronounc'd his Eulogy.
'He manages the Mules, mark'd Red and Blue,
'Doing it well, he has enough to do.

'Then there's another Roister,[2] also, fra' the North,

[1] Lt.-Gen. Sir S——n C——n.
[2] Lt.-Gen. E——l D——e.

'And like his Countryman, as High in worth;
'I know him well, and my opinion 's such,
'Say what I will, I cannot say too much.
'With Southern Farmers, this may cause a Smile,
'The Scots are Farmers in superior Style.

'Another Shepherd[1] also in request
'Is very justly placed amongst the Best;
'Ardent, and Brave, for Glory does aspire,
'And such a sentiment one must admire.
'If any trifling fault we to him lay,
'He's anxious over-much—for so they say.

'Here's a brisk Irish Lad[2] too, Devil a better,

[1] Lt.-Gen. C——n.
[2] Maj.-Gen. P—k—m.

'Who at the Vermin is a rattling Setter
'Connected with the great Patron,'tis true
'But his Abilities will bear him through.

'Fain would I now describe in Epigram
'A bold descendant of Sir David Gam.[1]
'Connected to this Taffy blood, we find
'A noble Soul, and an expansive Mind;
'In Fields of Glory he such progress made,
'His Laurels now afford him ample Shade.

'Another too, a lively Irish Fellow,[2]
'Time, perhaps, may soften down, and render mellow;
'Impetuous by Nature, often Rash,
'But Stout, and Sturdy, famous at a Dash.

[1] Lt.-Gen. Sir T. P——n.
[2] Maj.-Gen. C——e.

'And one more fra' the North,[1] that I must mention,
'Who's influenc'd no doubt by just intention;
'For Zeal, and Ardour he to none may yield,
'And thought an active Fellow in the Field.

'One more[2] I'll mention, as I think it fair,
'That where there's merit, it should have its share;
'Bold, Active, Mild, Intelligent, and Pleasant,
'Liked by his charge, from Herdsman to the Peasant.

[1] Maj.-Gen. Sir T. S——t.
[2] Lt.-Gen. L——h.

'There 's Lots of others too, most Gallant Spirits,
'Volumes would not do justice to their merits;
'Suffice it must to say, their Country's weal
'Can never be sustain'd by nobler Zeal.

'I'll now describe how is arrang'd the Stock,
'The distribution of each Herd, and Flock:
'A Master Shepherd is attach'd to each,
'The whole to manage, ignorant to teach.
'A Junior to each Flock, Clerk, Surveyor,[1]
'A Whipper-in also, to catch the Strayer,—

[1] M——r-G——l, Ass——t Adj——t-G——l, Ass——t Q——r-M——r-G——l.

'Herdsmen and Salesmen[1]—perhaps two
Dogs or more,
'To scare away the Vermin with their
Roar;
'These, well dispos'd, and parcell'd o'er
the Land,
'At once pourtrays the able Master's
Hand.
'All are so excellent, and in such
Heart,
'Thirsting for Glory, panting for the
Start.

'Some Flocks there are, the produce of
those Lands,
'Whose Shepherds were not reckon'd
able Hands:

[1] Officers, Commissaries, Guns, Provost Marshals.

'Twas evident their Stock should be new moulded,
And under skilful Hands, fresh Penn'd, and Folded.[1]

An Irish Shepherd,[2] now a Patron named,
Who for Interior management was famed,
Was bid to put, and in good order keep,
This Lot of loose, disorder'd, scurvy Sheep.
It was an arduous job, with danger fraught,
And justly so describ'd by Mr. Scott.

[1] The P——se Army was originally contemptible. The great brilliant, and persevering exertions of F——d-M——l B——d, and the Officers under him, have been successful, by rendering the P——se Army efficient in point of Discipline, Activity, and interior Oeconomy.

[2] F——d-M——l B——d.

'But, ere he could this business undertake,
'Some Shepherds,[1] Herdsmen, Hinds, was forced to make,
'Many from Britain, most from Ireland chose,
'Interest, they say, in this did interpose.
'There's something always blameable appears,
'Whate'er's the job, where interest interferes;
'But in this case, amongst the Numbers sent,
'Saving a Few, the rest were excellent,—
'Who by their Skill, and active perseverance,
'Soon gave the Flocks a different appearance,—

[1] Officers taken from the British and German regiments.

'And in small Herds, now Brousing with the rest,
'Are estimated as the Second best.
'Their Herdsmen too, once ignorant no doubt,
'Seem now to understand what they're about.
'There's also come, I'm told, some Fam'd Borachios,[1]
'With shortish Tails, but monstrous large Mustachios;

[1] The H——r B——de.

Upon our approach to the River Eslar, it was expedient that a Lodgement should be made on the opposite side of that River, to protect the formation of the Pontoon Bridge, for the Army to cross the River; the Hussar Brigade, supported by the 51st Light Regt. and Light Regiment of Brunswick Oels (ordered to support the Cavalry) were ordered to attack, take, and maintain the Village. The River, at all times rapid, by the melting of the Snow, was swollen two feet in depth, and its current raged with increasing velocity: 100 Men of the 51st were advanced, with the advance of the Hussars, and passed at the Ford with safety, but drenched with Water; the two Corps followed, and it was directed

'One really would suppose, from their
D——d braying,
'No Vermin in the Country dare be
staying.

that an Infantry Soldier should hold by the stirrup-leather of a Hussar. Whether it was the anxiety to pass the Ford, or some other cause, such was the press to enter the River, that the Ford was lost, and in one minute were seen Hussars scrambling, their Horses now on a Rock—next minute, plunging over head, the Infantry dragged hanging at the Stirrup, and Horses Tails; some by a jerk, or kick lost their hold, and were, struggling with the Torrent—others borne by the rapid Current of the Water, sunk, never to rise more;—others happily cast on bits of Islands. Hussars were seen plunging to get up the Bank, dragging three or four Infantry, half-drowned, so convulsed as to keep their grasp. Men's Caps, Knapsacks, floating down the Stream: but the attachment of one Infantry Soldier to his Firelock was astonishing—he was seen by an Officer, who rode to the brink of the Rock; as the Man floated down the stream, supported as he lay on his back, by his Knapsack, the Officer said, 'Can you swim?' 'No, your honour.' 'Then throw away your Firelock.' 'No, your honour; I'll bring She to shore with me—I won't part with She.' Fortunately the current bore Him so near to the Rock, the Officer could reach his Bayonet, and the Man was saved. On this occasion it is not in words to give an adequate idea of the gallant and humane conduct of the Hussars. A Serjeant of the 18th Hussars was heard to exclaim, upon his seeing a

'They 're wondrous favourites with the Squire, I 've heard,—

'Some think their Trappings foolish, and absurd.

'Their Herdsman too, tho' he so often blunders,

'At home has got the Name for doing wonders.

'Be that as 't may—tho' this Drove came the latest,

very fine young Officer of the 51st struggling for life in the middle of the Torrent, 'I 'll be D——d if the fine Boy shall be drowned,' and plunged his Horse into the Stream, and, when he rose above the Water, pressed towards the Officer, caught him by the jacket, and lifted him on Shore.—Many other similar cases happened. During the time of passing the River, indeed, I have every reason to believe the Men of the Hussars that were drowned, on this occasion, died victims to their humanity. And it was admirable to see those gallant Fellows, when landed, and free from the grasp of the poor Infantry Soldiers, spring forward to ascend the Hill with an ardour to attack an Enemy they were instructed to expect would oppose them.

I wish it was in my power to have paid a similar compliment, for humane exertion, to an Officer of A——y.

'They 're much the finest Asses, and the Greatest:

'But really I do think, when forward Straying,

'They 'll in a Gallant Style make good their Braying.

'From Lisbon, also, on the Road to join,

'Is a prime Lot of Large, and Royal Swine;[1]

[1] The H——ld T——ps.—In respect of those fine Regiments, much, very much, should be considered in their favour.

Unaccustomed to Foreign service—unaccustomed to any duty but London duty, which Duty there are no Regiments can perform half so ably—distinguished from other Regiments in every respect, particularly in regard to *pay* and interior convenience, it was hardly fair, and assuredly inconsiderate, calculating the expence, to employ the Life Guards on such service.

Barring the absence of proper feeling in a few Officers, who rather too hastily returned Home, no Troops were more distinguished for Discipline, good Conduct, *Sobriety*, Zeal, and Gallantry, or for their patient, and cheerful submission to privations, and hardships resulting from the nature of the Service, and possibly somewhat increased by their inexperience: and I may observe without any possible risk of contradiction, had the Household

'They're no great Favourites with the Farmer's Heir,
'And that He'd sell them all did oft declare.
'He's of a different turn, and rests his Basis
'On rearing up a famous Breed of Asses.
'As for these Swine, I'm told they're large, and good,
'At first were much averse to foreign Food.
'Such a wild Row was kick'd up by the Brutes,
''Twas all dismay, disasters, and disputes:
'As for dismay each bristled up his Chine,
'Grunted for finest Wheat, and then for Wine,

Troops been fortunately pitted against the best Cavalry of the Enemy, the result would have given them a Celebrity in arms coequal to a general Character so highly creditable to those Corps.

'Then for disaster, their Swineherds pretend,
'They chose to Roam, refused to be close Penn'd.
'Disputes they had, no doubt, one with another,
'The Swine, and Swineherds grunted at each other.
'No wonder that these Animals play'd tricks,
'Their Senior Swineherds all, they say, are Sticks.[1]

'A drove from Oxford too, are with the rest,
'And judges say, are much by far the Best.

[1] F——d O——rs, Gold and Silver Sticks in the Court Regalia.

'Loose as they are, the Patron has no doubt,
'Bold as the best, they'll route the Vermin out.

'I've now to tell you, that in all Directions
'Dry Forage[1] is amassed in vast Collections,
'That when by heat, or cold the Grass is dead,
''Tis from these Stores the Flocks & Droves are fed.
'Warerooms of Medicine, kept with the intent
'To cure those Sick, or hurt by accident.

'In short, my Friend, without exaggeration,
'The whole reflects much credit on the Nation.

[1] Ample Stores—of Provision—Forage, also for the Hospitals, and of various other descriptions.

'A nobler Stock, more healthy and complete,
'Travel where 'er you will, you 'll scarcely meet.
'No doubt Material has been well supplied;
'But in your judgment you will soon decide,
'That raw Materials, spoil without the aid
'Of Workmen highly eminent in Trade,—
'So, the perfection of this Stock alone
'Springs from the genius of our great Patron.'

N. B.

'One word, or two I merely wish to say,
'A trifling circumstance, about the Pay:[1]

[1] The pay of the Army is six months in arrear; the Contingent allowance Ten months.
A more than actual sufficiency for the Men during the

'If an Artificer a Work engages,
'He contracts to receive a certain Wages;
'If that 's withheld, he strikes—but here 'tis clear,
'Our's daily strike, tho' paid but once a Year.
'They only Strike, 'tis true; but when we need 'em,
'Then not for Lucre, but their Country's freedom.
'Grumble they don't, but yet it would be best,
'To have, no doubt, some little in the Chest.'

operations of active Warfare is injurious; the Soldier should not have wherewith to get drunk with, for that is always the result after the Balances are received, and, until the Money is exhausted, the Soldier is a Clog. The Officers, unfortunately, suffer by the withholding their Pay.

John having thus transcrib'd all he'd
Collected,
The Letter sent, as honest Dad directed.

The Summer Solstice did with strides
advance—
The Chief jocosely said, 'Prepare for
France,'
The joke passed on, but yet it will appear,
There was more meaning lurk'd than met
the Ear.
His wond'rous projects now might be
effected,
Success must crown where'er his power
directed.
Tho' in Field-sports he join'd for recrea-
tion
His Nobler pursuits kept in reservation.
A Gallant Army, in the finest state,
Panting for glory, did his nod await.

The toils, and labours of the late Campaigns,
His great exertions, all his cares, and Pains,
Were well repaid—for now he could fulfil
The boldest object of his Mighty Will.

Now busy rumour of anticipation
Whispers the general movement from each Station.
And now the Staff, with air of consequence,
A question cannot solve on no pretence—
'When do we move? you know; come, tell us, pray.'
You move him not—he gravely moves away;
His chill reserve, his cold repulsive mien,
But hides the mighty nothings of his brain.

'Here, *Newcome*'s in the secret; he will tell us.'
'No, D—n me if I can, my honest Fellows.
'I 'll tell you what, my Boys, 'tis my belief,
'There 's no one in the secret but our Chief,
'The advantages of secresy he knows,
'No one can tell, what no one can disclose.'
As for John's part, whether 'twere False, or True,
He freely told the trifle that he knew;
It was a littleness he did despise,
The poor conceit of being suspected Wise;
But with the World he saw, that was the rule,
The resource, and refuge, of each Fool.

'Twas now the middle of the Month of May,

When o'er the Hills the Warlike Hosts display—
The Colours waving in the flitting Wind,
The lengthened Columns tailing far behind.
Now the steep Mountain-cliff their steps assail,
Again descending, Wind into the Vale.
The undulating Columns o'er the Plain
Proclaim a Host in motion once again.
Fain would my Muse depict the Warlike scenery,
The awful Grandeur of the vast Machinery;
Fain make familiar to imagination
Th' effect of moving War by combination;
Fain teach unletter'd Minds to understand,
The nice cohesion of the Warlike band—

With diffidence, this object to obtain,
I'll try the subject in my humble Strain.

Full Eighty thousand Men, in partial Bands,
Extending wide in Quarters o'er the Lands;
All well equipp'd, by Winter's preparation,
In order most complete to quit each Station.
Cheerful, Repose, and Luxury they yield,
Following their Mighty Chieftain to the Field;
And thus in part the Warlike arts display'd
This numerous force, so skilfully array'd.
In various Bodies, Marching to one Point,
Communication kept, and no disjoint;

Parallel move—so uniformly Led,
None deviate, no Column shoots a-head.
So well preserve the distance from each other,
Contiguous Columns flanking one another.
Day, after Day, this rigidly maintain
O'er the rude Mountain, or extended Plain.
Then Glittering Herds of Cavalry appear,
Advanced in Front, on Flank, or in the Rear:
So form'd, so organiz'd, this Mighty Host,
All know their Station, every Man his Post.
Can ought be seen more wond'rous, more Sublime,
This great Machine in motion at one time;
So well dispos'd, and all so closely cling,
Receiving impulse from one active Spring?

'Twas thus our Army open'd the Campaign,
And Lusitania left, to burst on Spain.

Thus our great Captain led his gallant Band,
O'er the wide Plains of Leon's fertile Land;
Whilst all the Gallic Force, the Hostile Foe,
Directed by Gazon, and great King Joe,
Spread o'er the Country round, in varied Route,
Bewilder'd in perplexity, and doubt:
When t'wards the South their eager looks addrest,
The Allied Troops surpriz'd them from the West;
With all their Force array'd on Douro's Bank,

Our skilful Hero took them on the Flank;
From Salamanca bravely chased them forth,
And drove them in dismay towards the North.
Burgos blown up, Pencorva forc'd to yield,
Nor check'd their flight 'till reach'd Vittoria's Field.
Whilst o'er the Mountains, Bands of Spaniards[1] prowl,
With little order, and with less controul;

[1] However formidable the Spanish Armies are on Paper, what we have seen of them in the Field does not entitle them to be ranked with any description of Troops in Europe; and I even doubt if the Americans would not speak slightingly of them. I will give the Spanish Nation all the credit for obstinacy and jealousy they can wish; but I for one give them no further: their conduct to their Allies, in many instances, has been unfriendly and suspicious — often Hostile. It may be politic to commend their conduct for Gallant Achievement in the Field; I of course shall not presume to contradict that: and much may be allowed for a Ragged, Starved, unpaid Host, and of whom the Officers are the

While desolation o'er their Country spread,
The High-toned Blood, the Warlike soul was fled;
Whate'er the Cause, the Motive, or the Reason,
By Fraud, by Threats, by Artifice, or Treason,
Whilst Hosts on Hosts did in succession grow,
Judge from events, they merely were for Show;
With other Troops they hold no sort of Rivalry,
Cervantes quizz'd them out of all the Chivalry.

first to run away. They have admitted some, but very few British Officers into their service; but if the selection has proved fortunate, I suppose it will be hereafter made known.

Now all the Gallic force suspends its Flight,
And at Vittoria Centre, and Unite;
Joe, and Gazon had check'd its volitation,
And in array the Army round it Station.
Both Imbecile, and Vain, they treat with slight
The Hero and his Troops who'd caus'd their Flight.
Puff'd with conceit, they Espionage neglected,
So got a visit, sooner than expected.
Tho' he in Leon had their minds astonish'd,
Joe, and his Chum were not to be admonish'd.
For Joe was heard amidst his Dames to say,

'That our great Lord should Dine[1] with
him that Day.
'And when he had prepar'd Ragouts and
Soups,
'He'd take the noble Lord, and Route
his Troops.'
Forgetting he 'd to deal with one so arch,
Who on theVaunter neatly stole a March.

[1] It was ascertained as fact, that King Joe was so certain of beating the Allied Army, it was his and Gazon's intention to have attacked; and Joe had boasted he should beat the Enemy, and had actually prepared a grand Dinner for Lord Wellington and his Officers. They meant to attack on the 22d of June.

Joe always travelled with a Suite of Ladies, generally beautiful Women: it is said, there were ten ladies of his private Family with him. Those, with all his Wardrobe, Carriages, and Plunder from Madrid, were taken, and he only escaped with the Clothes on his Back, having lost his Hat. By way of replenishing his Goods and Chattles, he actually stole the Linen, Plate, and Clothes, from every place he stopped at, until he reached the French frontier—and also a Hat from a Priest.

The whole Baggage, Money, Artillery, and those of the French Army were taken—Carriages, and Animals, and a great many Ladies. The French Officers said they were so pinched, we did not leave them a Pinch of Snuff.

Then reconnoitring how they were dis-
posd,
To all his Generals his mind disclos'd—
The one great object, anxious to obtain,
' To drive the Rascals fairly out of Spain.'
On twenty-first of June, made Disposition
To force the Enemy from their Position.
Full Sixty thousand Men, arrang'd in
Sight
(But more inclin'd, I think, to run than
Fight),
Tho' seeming bent his progress to dispute,
Receiv'd his Visit with a grand Salute.

First on our right the great, the gallant
Hill,
Obedient to our noble Chieftain's will,
The Enemy, tho' strongly posted found,
Their Left drove in—they quickly left the
Ground.

Dalhousie, Picton, then the conflict enter,
Intrepidly advance against the Centre:
This forc'd, they hastily commenced the flight,
For Graham, boldly press'd upon their Right.
Tho' Cannon, Mortars, play'd from every part
Sufficient to appal the bravest heart—
Tho' show'rs of Bullets whizzing from each Spot
(The French are rather partial to long Shot),
Nor Shots,nor Shells,nor Legions in Array,
Not for one moment check'd them on their Way;
But Slow and Firm, progressively they move,
And from each Post, the Hostile miscreants Drove.

In vain th' embattl'd Foe, with Warlike Band,
Bristled with Cannon, could the Charge withstand.
Slaughter, and Death, on every side they meet,
And only find their safety in Retreat.
The fact was this, the Fellows ran away,
Commenc'd their Flight so early in the Day;
In haste the Road to Pampeluna took,
And Ladies, Baggage, Cannon, all forsook;
Fighting gave up, and had recourse to Cunning—
They're sure to beat us if it comes to Running.
This I've observ'd, whene'er we Battle make,
We overcome, but seldom overtake.

And tho' our Gallant Cavalry would fain
Have shar'd the Glory of th' ensanguin'd
Plain,
Their anxious wishes could not be effected,
'Twas so by Ditches,[1] and Ravines, pro-
tected.
Joe, and Gazon, as Generals, must be
scouted—
First out Manœuvred, then completely
Routed.
But of their Conduct, what we most up-
braid is,
They wanted Courage to protect their
Ladies.

[1] Such was the rapidity of the Conflict, and such the nature of the Ground, very few of our Gallant Cavalry were engaged; wide, deep, and watery Ditches intersected the Country in all directions. Had the ground admitted, our Cavalry must have intercepted Thousands.

The French could only take two small Field-pieces with them, which, from the rapidity of the pursuit, fell into the Conqueror's hands before they reached Pampeluna; but in their usual depredatious way, they plundered all the Houses, and burned many.

Such dastards, as we generally find most,
Secure themselves, the Devil take the hindmost,
And now it was the Hussars[1] got their share,
Took all the Coaches, Baggage, and the Fair.
Not of their Gallantry I would speak slighting,
No Troops, I'm sure, can beat them at fair Fighting.
This was the Day on which our Gallant John
Would crown his Fame, as he had told upon:
Being by Order of his Chief dispatch'd—
Bent on his purpose, he th' occasion watch'd;

[1] The Hussars made a gallant charge through the Town, and in their progress attacked, and drove the Enemy's Cavalry out.

Eager in search of Glory, and Renown,
Dash'd, with some Hussars, boldly into
Town.

Joe, who had heard of the Hussars'
approach,
Had with his Ladies hustled to his
Coach;
There, finding they were close upon his
Back,
Quickly[1] bounc'd out, and jump'd upon
a Hack;
In wild disorder, and in strange dismay,
Spurr'd thro' the Crowd, in hopes to steal
away.

[1] King Joe, or, as the Spaniards properly style him, the Intruder, was so pressed, he jumped on a horse, lost his Hat, and galloped at full speed out of the Town; and, as Officers and Men, afterwards taken, assured the Author, he actually threw money to the French Soldiery to let him pass.

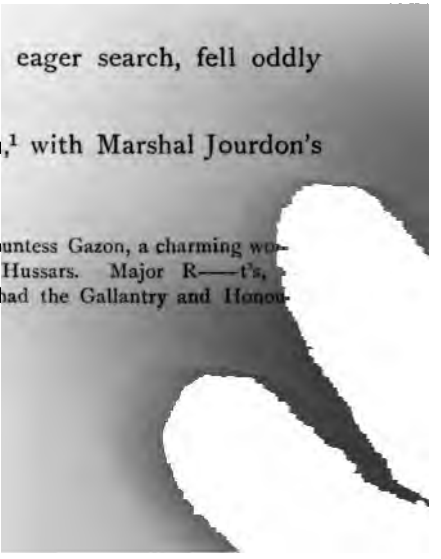
Our Hero, in mean time, dash'd to and fro,
By accident o'ertook poor scampering Joe—
And with his Sabre lent him such a Lick,
'Twas lucky that poor Joe's skull was Thick,
Who, to avoid the Blow, was stooping down—
The Sabre from his Hat, cut off the Crown.
Whilst hapless Joe, escaping, tho' full sad,
He'd lost that Day the only Crown he had,
But felt consol'd, when at a distance fled,
His Crown had lost, but still had got his Head.

John, in the bustle, thought Joe's Head had tumbled,

And 'mongst the Ladies furbelows was
jumbled.

The poor Madames, arrested in their
flight,
Were sprawling in the Street, in woeful
plight—
Screaming, and fainting, prostrate sought
protection,
'Midst Hussars pillaging in all direction,
Such struggling, rifling, squeezing,
'mongst the Folks,
Whiskers, Mustachios, Petticoats, and
Cloaks.
When John, in eager search, fell oddly
flat on
Madame Gazon,[1] with Marshal Jourdon's
Baton;

[1] Madame, the Countess Gazon, a charming wo-
was taken by the Hussars. Major R——t's,
Hussars, it is said, had the Gallantry and Honou-



This charming Woman, tho' a General's
Wife,
Would much give up, in hopes to save her
Life;
And tho' a careful Guardian of her
honour,
Freely resign'd whate'er John found upon
her.
Who rais'd the fair, and saw where she
had sat,
Not Joey's Head, 'tis true, but bit of Hat.

John, who had long on Glory anxious bent,
This Day succeeded to his heart's con-
tent:
Honour, renown, he fairly now bespoke,
For this Day's job had been a lucky
Stroke.

protect her: she was allowed to follow her Husband a few Days after.—Part of the Cavalry only passed through the Town, the Army went right and left of it.

Joe's Head was gone, no doubt—but what of that?
He'd got the Baton, and the bit of Hat;
So from the noise, and tumult in the Street,
He led the lovely Lady, and her Suite;
And in full hopes by politesse to win her,
Gave Her poor Joey's Bed, and Joey's Dinner.
The Battle o'er, the French to flight resign'd 'em,
Running as if the Devil was behind 'em.—
Field-pieces left to those who'd luck to find 'em.
And there I leave the Cowards to their fate,
Whilst I of other matters shall relate.

The Victory gain'd, the Chieftain sought
repose,
When John in modest accents did dis-
close
His great exploits, the wond'rous Feats
he 'd done—
The Trophies that he had so nobly won.

The Chief, astonish'd, look'd with much
amaze on
The Baton, bit of Hat, and Madame
Gazon.

The noble Chief in contemplation Sat,
Admir'd the Dame, and archly touch'd
the Hat:
Tho' at her charms in secret look'd
askance,
He, great, like Scipio, sent her back to
France.

And then, his humble duty to evince,
Would send the Hat, and Baton, to the Prince.
The Baton would be, in his Country's Eyes,
Deem'd both a noble, and a glorious Prize;
And, p'rhaps, in spite of rumour, and of Chat,
Some Folks might like a bit of Royal Hat.
'*Newcome* should have the honour to present,
'The Hat and Baton to the Prince Regent;
'Relate of Cannon taken, and the Pelf,[1]
'The Victory would best explain itself.'

[1] The numerous Carriages of all descriptions, and Tumbrils, so completely blocked the Road, and filled the contiguous Fields, it was difficult to pass; the Carriages were completely loaded with Baggage, and

And now, almost as quick as I can tell,
John found himself once more in dear
Pall Mall.
But, as he'd not from usual custom vary,
In Chaise and Four, called on the
Secretary.

The Minister, with admiration struck,
Soon advertised his Friends of their good
Luck;

the miserable Animals pushed into Deep, and Wet Ditches. The four-wheeled Tumbrils were loaded with Ammunition, and Money. It is supposed that those who divided the Spoil were enriched: certainly the Soldiers got Thousands of Dollars and Doubloons. It is said, more Persons than Soldiers shared in the Spoil; one got £8000 of Doubloons. It is to be lamented that, in consequence of the hurry and confusion, the Money was thus distributed—but it was inevitable; and the good fortune fell to the lot of many who did not share in the Conflict.

Two hundred and five Pieces of Ordnance were taken, and five hundred Tumbrils; large quantities of Army Stores, and Mules, and Horses, and much inferior Plunder also.—Vittoria is a superior Spanish Town, and situated in a fertile Plain.

This Victory, with all its consequences,
Would seat them firmly on the Treasury Benches.
Read the Dispatch—wrote off to the Lord Mayor,
Who to the Cits should the great News declare;
And they, Rich, Lusty Rogues, without alloy,
As usual, Ate and Drank, to shew their joy.

And now what hearty peals of exclamation,
What Cannon firing, and what Conflagration;
Such shouts, such grinning, 'mongst all Ranks of Men,
You'd thought they ne'er would shut their mouths again.

Such horizontal stretching of a
Muzzle,
Such Drinking healths, such roaring, a
such Guzzle.
But should some small mishap be bro
auricular,
The horizontal would be perpendicular.

John, who in most things had his share
Nouse,
His humble duty left at Carlton House
And was inform'd, with certain pompo
gravity
(At Courts one seldom stumbles upo
suavity),
That He, the Hat, and Baton, Mag
nifique,
Should be presented early in the Week ;
It was the R——t's will, at sights s
pleasant,

The Q——n, and all her Ladies, should
be present.
Down to the ground our Hero made his
bow,
And to the Knight and Lady, off he flew.

'So, my dear John, you made poor Joey
truckle';
Whilst at the Hat he slily gave a chuckle.
My Lady, too, the Baton did explore—
'She'd never seen so fine a thing before.'
Johnny then told them of his feats of
Arms,
Of Joe's escape, and Madame Gazon's
charms.
'Come, John,' says Dad, 'from truth you
cannot screen us;
'You were her Mars, my Boy, and she
your Venus.'

John now at every House was in request,
And every where receiv'd a welcome Guest.
He thought he ne'er should finish with his Glory,
So often pester'd to repeat the story.
We give him credit there for a pretence,
He rather lik'd being made of Consequence.
The Battle, Trophies, Folks were so much wrapt in,
They made a mighty bustle 'bout the Captain.
Captain no more—for in the next Gazette,
Tho' envious ones did vastly fume and fret,
In recompence for wonderous Renown,
Who seiz'd a Baton, and cut off a Crown:

Presenting the Trophies.

As C——n for a precedent was quoted,
Lieutenant Colonel[1] was at once Promoted.

And now the Day arriv'd, as deem'd expedient,
John should present the Trophies to the R——t.
Th' illustrious R——t sat in Regal State,
The Lords and Ladies did around him wait.

John made his Triple Bows, and kneeling down,
Humbly presented the Baton, and Crown.

[1] It was considered rather an uncommon instance of good fortune, the Noble L—d should, on any pretence, have been so unaccountably promoted in the same Gazette, Major and Lieut.-Colonel.

It so fell out, perhaps no one could say why,
The Ladies titter'd, and the Lords look'd Sly.
The Noble Prince, in his great self collected,
He first the Baton from the Hat selected.
In manners dignified, and all his own,
He thus his R——l sentiments made known—
'This Baton, Sir, is in my firm belief,
'The noblest Gift a Sovereign can receive;
'And when so merited, we all must know,
'The noblest Gift a Sovereign can bestow.
'Here! take this back, with gratitude I yield it,—
'His is the only Arm that's fit to Wield it.

'As for this French Machine, with its obliquities,
'T——r shall find it room with my Antiquities.'

Then graceful fingering the bit of Felt,
His condescending smiles around him dealt—
'Tho' this poor Crown is something worn and Flat,
'Still 'tis a precious morsel of old Hat;
'And as to aged relics I am partial,
'Twill suit my purpose better than the Marshal.
'You, gallant Colonel, shall appointed be,
'In my establishment, an Equerry,
'Knight of the Bath, and F——k's A. D. C.

The Baton struck the Dames with much surprise,
They all admir'd the painting, shape, and size:
'It was a Stick, no doubt, 'twas made of Oak;
'And heavy too—'twould give a monstrous Stroke.'
As for the Hat, as round about they dealt it,
When each great Lord, & noble Knight had felt it—
'For such a Prize 'twas not worth while to Roam,
'They all could boast a better one at Home.'

John now of his new Dignities felt proud,
So quietly withdrew from out the Crowd.

And thus quite happy, and elate with joy,
The Knight and Lady hugg'd their darling Boy.
The Lady's head could nothing run upon,
'But Son, Sir Johnny, and of Spouse, Sir John.'

The Knight, who'd long been brooding on his Speech,
With Prop, and Prompter close within his reach,
Now told his Son, Sir John, 'twas his intent
'To make a flaming speech in Parliament.
'Your Letter too, dear John—Sir John, your pardon;
'I've in my vacant hours labour'd hard on.

'I'm well prepar'd—but you must be so kind,
'Should I forget, to prompt me from behind;
'But first, my Son, Sir John, it will be mete,
'That you in Parliament should take your Seat:
'Having so done, we then can at our pleasures,
'Together both consult, about my measures.'

And now our Hero, without more delay,
Went with his Dad, to make his first Entré.
The Ceremony o'er, and in his place,
The S——r, with much Gravity, and Grace,

His right Hand on his Chair he gently
press'd,
And thus our Hero solemnly address'd:

'Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John *Newcome*,
'I'm to observe, that here are very few
come
'With such distinguished honours to
their Name—
'So high in Glory, and so great in Fame;
'Your active Vigour, and your gallant
Feats
'In Arms, when in Vittoria's Streets
'Your weapon boldly flourish'd 'mongst
the Fair,
'Joe's Crown cut off, and every thing left
bare;
'Drove the poor King from Town, with-
out his Hat on,

'Seiz'd Madam Gazon, and the Marshal's
Baton.
'The C——ns, Sir, out of their high regard
'For deeds of Valour, grant this proud
Reward
'For your Exploits, so Great, and so
Magnanimous,
'Thro' me present their hearty thanks
unanimous.'

Albeit, unused to speaking, John arose,
In first attempt determin'd not to prose;
Resolv'd that no one should his sense
impeach,
By drawling out a long, and labour'd
Speech:
Then said, 'Sir, if from great Example,
'I in some late affairs have shewn my
Sample;

'Tis to the Hero whose Dispatch I bring,
So great, so wonderful in every thing.
His be the praise, who Foe, and Fair disarms,
All yield to his Celebrity in Arms.'
Some further honours too did John await,
Which caus'd with him and Dad, a small debate.
A Badge of Merit,[1] my dear Boy d'ye see,
Is a fine Ornament, 'twixt you and me;

[1] A Badge of Merit is a most honourable Distinction, as the reward of Merit and Gallant achievement; but its value is eclipsed from the influence of interest.

I should think a Board of Officers should be established to examine into the merits of Officers recommended for such honourable remuneration; and their fiat should either confirm the claim, or reject it altogether: a Badge of Merit would then be valuable. Indeed, if the power of the Board was extended to decide upon the merits for Brevet Rank, the service would gain by it. It is the value of a thing that makes it desirable.

If, in the examination of the merits of an Officer reported to the Board, for honourable distinction, the opinion of the Board should decidedly confirm the claim

'Twill look so grand, you know, hung at your button,
When you Reg'mentals condescend to put on.'

'Such Ornaments, dear Dad, I'd fain not reap,
Desert, and Interest no distinction keep;
That bane to Justice, we must all deplore,
Merit does much, but interest does much more.'

and right, a Patent should be sent to the Officer, signed and sealed by the President, stating the sentiments of the Board, &c. &c. Such would be an inestimable intimation of his claim to Merit—handing down to Posterity an honourable proof of Family desert.

But the conferring either Title, or Badge on men who have lolled away their time in Ease, and Affluence, is ridiculous, and truly absurd.

And now friend John more Honours did
obtain,
The gratitude of Portugal and Spain ;
Like Knights of Rodrigo, and Talavera,
He got the Tower, and Sword, and
Alcantara.

N.B. It has been reported that his R——l H——s the P——e R——t has signified his acquiescence that the Arms of the Newcome *Family be as follows: A bit of old Hat, supported by two Batons—Crest, a Cock's Spur—Motto,* 'I FELT IT.'

THE END

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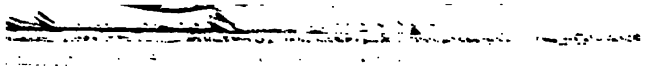

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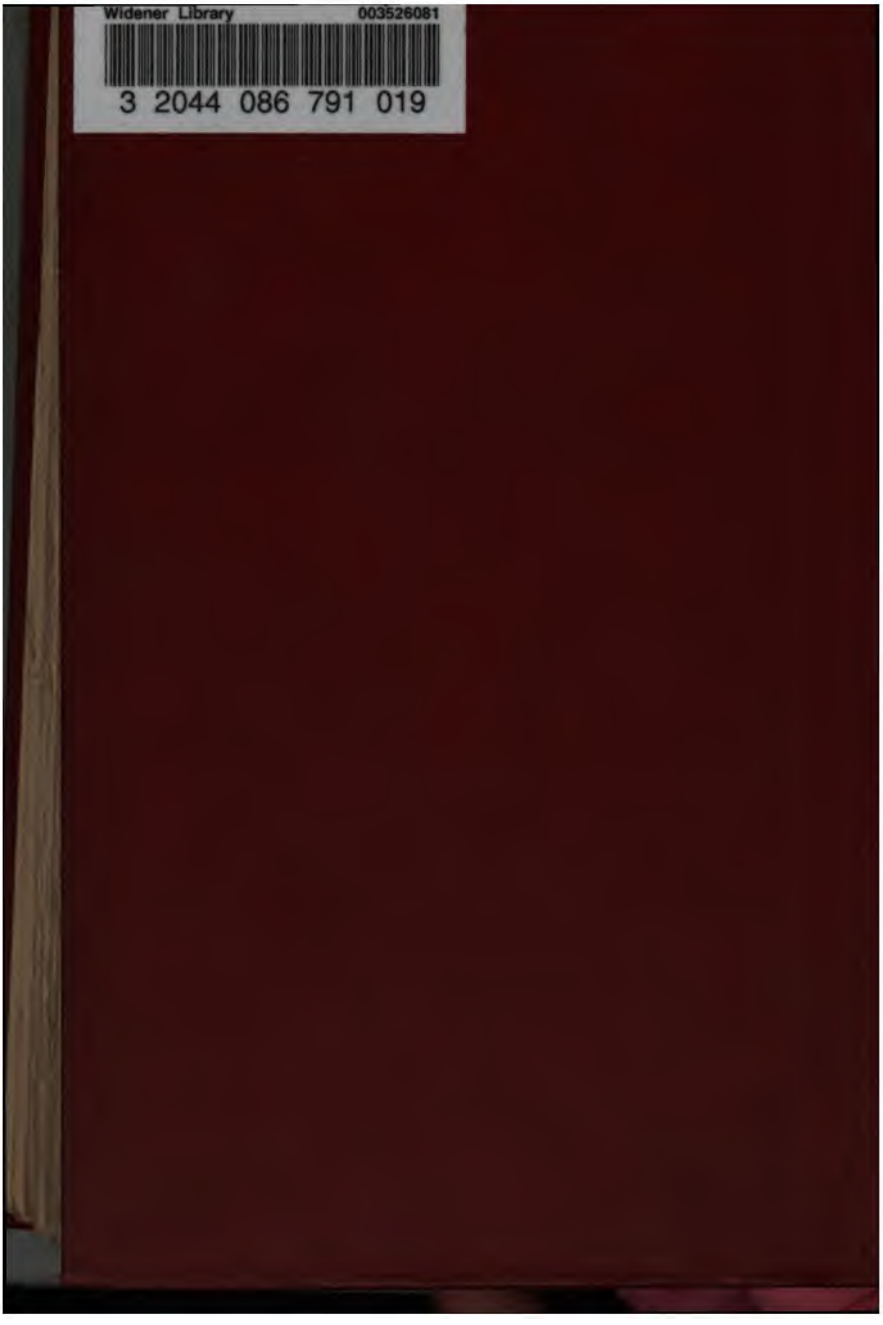
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